



James Peter McCormick

Rita Jane Brennan

*As for us, our days are like the grass;
 We flower like the flower of the field;
 The wind blows and we are gone;
 And our place never sees us again.
 But the love of the Lord is everlasting
 Upon those who fear the Lord.
 God's justice reaches out to children's children
 When they keep his covenant in truth,
 When they keep his will in their mind.
 Psalm 103; The Grail*



Wedding Day July 13, 1942



Archibald Boniface McCormick and Bridget Marie Connelly McCormick.

Through their sacrifice, dedication to family, and strong Catholic Faith, Grandma and Grandpa Mac provided an example to all who knew them. Today, the McCormick family is large, and spread across the country. However, our collective history started in Lima, Ohio, and it has provided us a shared memory, and a strong foundation of Faith.



Janet, John, Ann, Jim, Bernard, Arch, Agnes, Bridget, Archie McCormick circa 1925



McCormick Family circa 1950. Grandpa Mac, Grandma Mac, Archie, Bern, Jim, Ann, John, Janet. (In order of their age)
Thank you to Aunt Mona McCormick and Tom McCormick for sharing this photo.

PREFACE

The following essay is intended to share the information I have gathered about our McCormick ancestors. My purpose is:

- To provide family members an insight into our family's past; and the struggles and hardships our forefathers endured in the homeland, and as immigrants to the new world.
- To convey the questions I haven't been able to find answers for, and what areas I continue to research with the hope of being able to add another chapter to our family story.
- To provide my children and grandchildren information about my parents and grandparents.
- To instill in my grandchildren an appreciation of their McCormick ancestors.

I began writing this story in 2009, and over the years, it has undergone several revisions. I was always reluctant to stop and distribute it out of fear that I might find some huge mistake, or discover new, more relevant information.

Last fall I asked Susan Tuohy Donohue to read, what was then, the latest version of the story. Her reaction and encouragement motivated me to proceed with printing the document, and making it available to family members. I appreciated her help very much.

This is the second edition of the book. The first consisted of several copies that were distributed among family members (including Susan) who were asked to comment and find errors. Their responses are used in the editing for this edition.

My initial effort to write about the McCormick's was a brief family account written for the updated Days to Remember booklet printed for the McCormick family reunion held in July 1989. Re-reading this account, I must admit that some of the bones were there, but the skeleton was nowhere near complete. Now, more than twenty years later, I am spurred by a desire to provide my family, especially my grandchildren, with knowledge and appreciation of their McCormick forefathers.

Having the gift of time that retirement provides (time to visit libraries and locations, and time to read and sort out information) I have been able to gain some understanding, and develop an appreciation of the life and times, and the hardships endured by our relatives. My starting point was a simple genealogy created by my Uncle Archie for his parent's fiftieth wedding anniversary. His record provided me a north star; a way to compare genealogical records with family knowledge to determine if I was looking at the right person. Also, through their research in Scotland, my Uncle John and Aunt Mary McCormick documented the birth dates and baptismal

records of Christina, Hugh and John McCormick, and confirmed Uachdar, Benbecula, Scotland as the homeland of our ancestors.

In addition, the ability to search genealogical records on the internet, has allowed me to find new details and a broader understanding of our family's history, and the circumstances of their time. For example, I learned of a branch of the McCormicks living in Saskatchewan, Canada, offspring of Angus McCormick, the youngest sibling of Alexander McCormick.

Also, to my surprise, I recently received a message via Ancestry (January 2016) from Sue MacDonald Morrissey of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. She informed me that she had recently had her DNA tested and that I was identified as a possible fourth cousin. She wondered if I might know a "cousin Archie" who was in a picture she possessed of her mother, Hildegarde Leo MacDonald (1907-1993). It turned out that "cousin Archie" was in fact, my Grandpa Mac. Sue is the Great granddaughter of Sarah McCormick a sister of my Great grandmother Ann McCormick, wife of Hugh. We are third cousins sharing the same Great-great grandparents, Archibald and Mary McPhee McCormick.



**Cousin Archie and
Hildegarde MacDonald**

Because of the internet, I am very fortunate to have become acquainted with Mr. Angus MacMillan. Angus responded to a question I posted on an inquiry board on [Ancestry.com](https://www.ancestry.com). He was very familiar with the families of Benbecula, and was writing histories of the different townships. He provided me valuable background information concerning life on Benbecula, as well as specific details concerning the McCormick's. Sadly, Angus has recently died (2016) with many of my questions left unanswered.

As I stated earlier, I have been working on our family story (off and on, but mostly off) for more than 20 years now. Over the years there have been numerous mistakes and wrong paths chosen, and I began to understand that the simplistic knowledge and romantic perceptions I had at the beginning of my search was not enough to understand, or appreciate the forces in play in the lives of our McCormick ancestors.

So, I decided to try to better understand the complicated history of Scotland, and because I assumed the McCormicks were clansmen, the role of the clans in the lives of the people. I became fascinated with that part of Scottish history that is simply referred to as "The Clearances"; a time

period in which our ancestors lived. I wanted to know if the McCormicks were, in fact, victims of the clearances. (The effects of The Clearances are still present in Scotland today.)

As I began to understand the life and times of the McCormicks on Benbecula, and the political and economic forces in play during the years in which they lived there, one fact began to stand out which, to this day, I find completely amazing!

OUR FAMILY WAS FROM ONE OF THE POOREST AND MOST BACKWARD PART OF THE ENTIRE BRITISH EMPIRE!

They were from a part of the British Empire completely ignored by the Enlightenment period. In fact, daily life on Benbecula was nothing more than a cruel remnant of the middle Ages. When compared to the way of life throughout Europe, the United States and Canada, there was no comparison to how miserable and isolated life on Benbecula remained. One visitor to the island commented that the life of a kelper was worse than that of a slave in the United States. Thank God that Alexander, the son of a kelper, escaped!

Knowing that we were from Benbecula, the seminal question in exploring our roots was: How did the McCormicks end up on an island more than 50 miles off the coast of Scotland? While I have been able to gain some knowledge, it still remains an essential question for research.

I have been able to document how the McCormicks arrived in Canada. Yet, very little is known of the actual lives of our Canadian family members. Nor do we know if there is a link with Cape Breton Island off the coast of Nova Scotia. I know my father thought that the McCormick's had first landed there before moving on to Ontario, but I have not found any evidence to support this. In fact there is strong reason to reject it. Yet, there must be some basis for the fact that the location was familiar with my dad. Stories may have been passed down that included the island.

In many ways, the McCormick family is representative of the great American story. Alexander McCormick left Scotland penniless, with nothing more than the clothes on his back, and a desire to start a new life. He settled at Bornish, in Middlesex County, near Parkhill, Ontario, Canada. While he was not among the very first settlers (Williams Township began to be settled in the years immediately following 1830), he was very definitely a Canadian Pioneer. From Quebec, he had followed an immigration trail west to an existing Scottish settlement. And like those before him, his first task was to learn how to use an axe.

By the time his children were grown, Scottish settlements had begun to be established in Michigan. In 1881, Hugh (age 37 at the time), following his father's example, turned west, and with his wife Ann,

immigrated to the settlement at St. Charles, just west of Saginaw, Michigan. There they raised their family of four, and he lived out his life as a farmer. My grandfather A.B. McCormick was born in 1883, the first of our lineage to be born in the United States.

Today the McCormick's are a large and diverse family spread across the country. My father and his siblings (second generation Americans) contributed to the post war baby boom by raising 50 children. After having moved from Saginaw to Flint, to East Tawas, to Toledo, and then to Defiance, Ohio; Archie and Bridget eventually settled in Lima, Ohio, and there they raised their family. Thus, it is in Lima that our family's collective history began. Like all families, we have had our share of tragedies, but far more celebrations, and it is those experiences that has provided a shared memory, and a strong foundation of Faith.

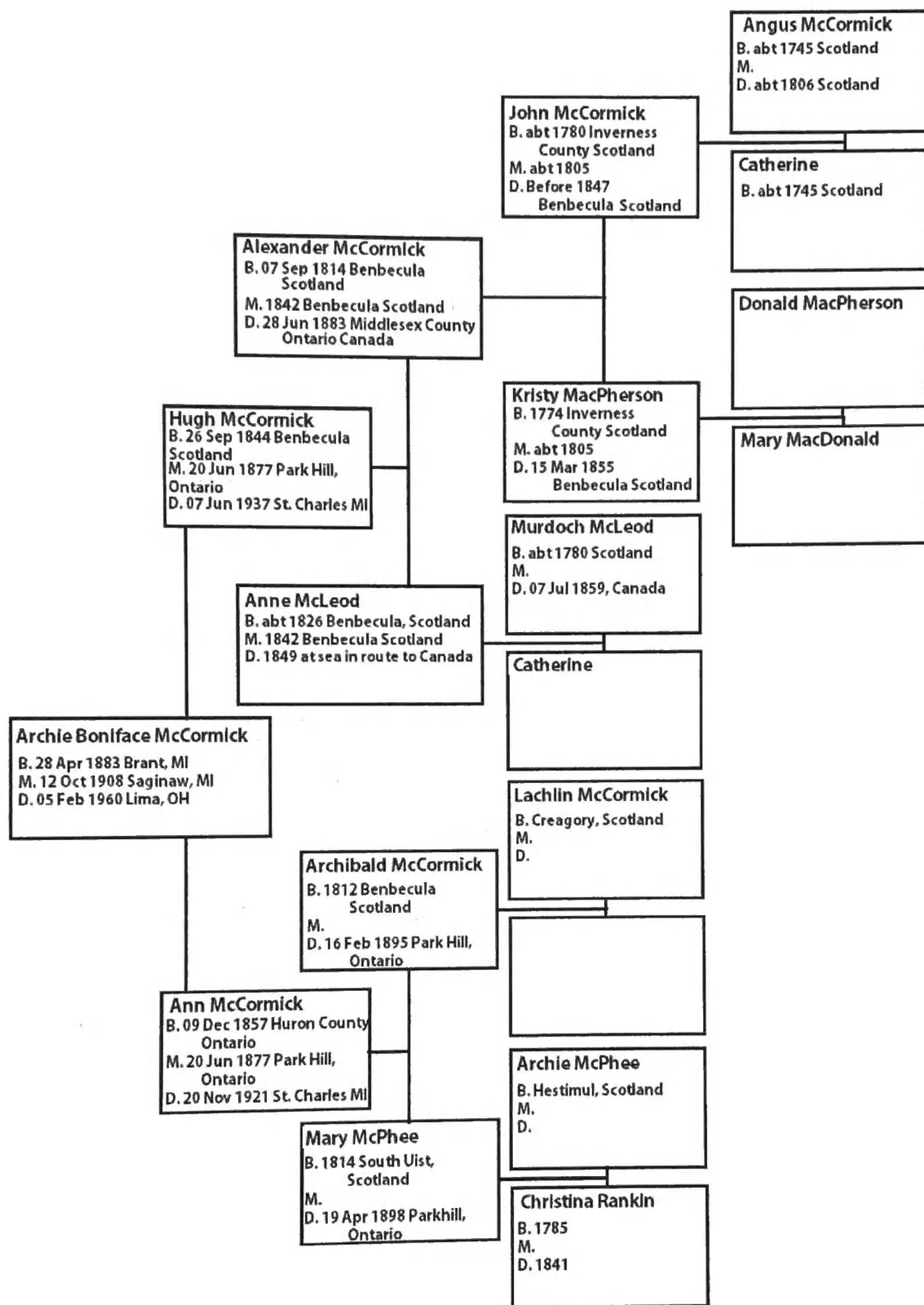


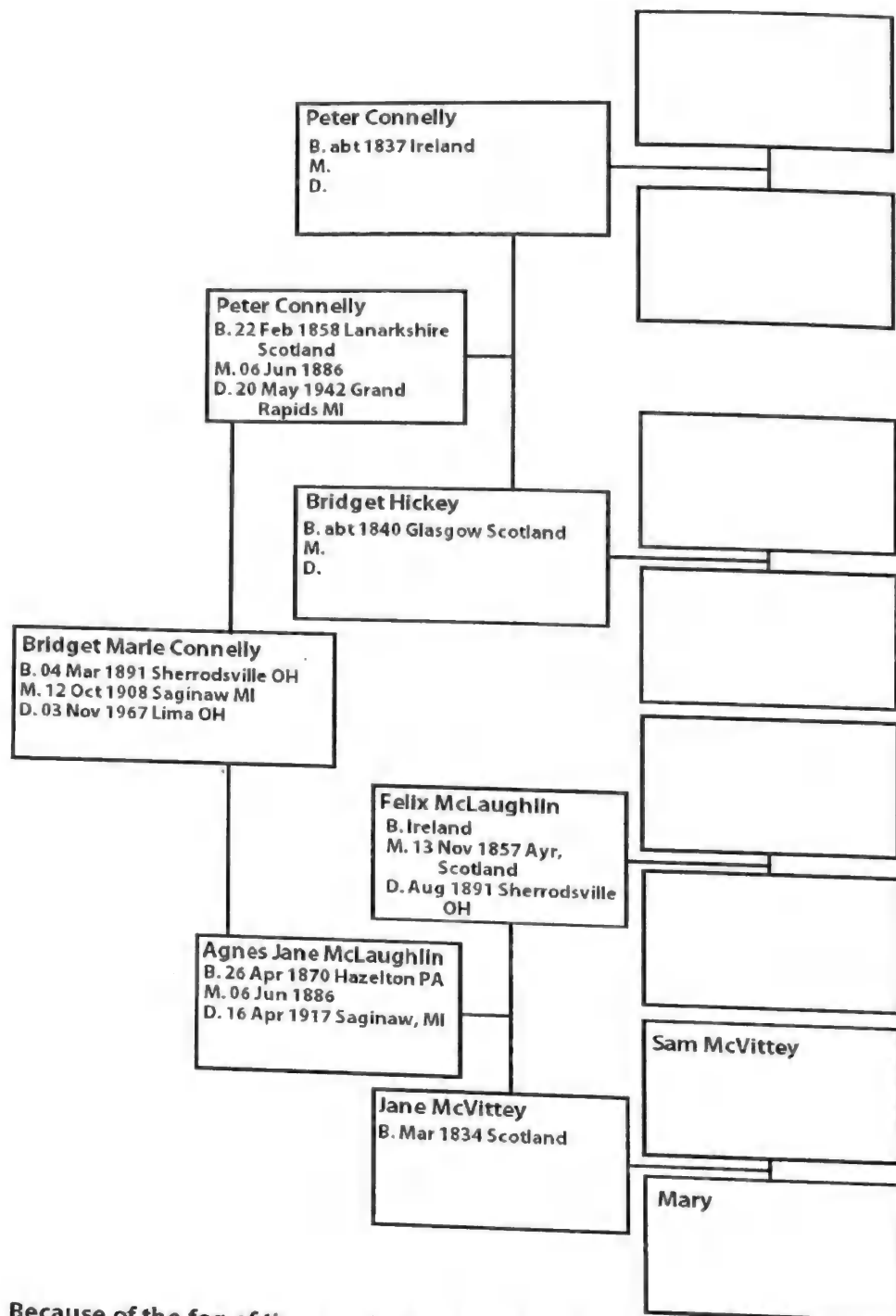
1989 Reunion: In front, Bern, Janet, Ann and Margaret Darland.
In back, An unidentified cousin, Arch, and John

Much of the following material focuses on the life of our early ancestors and the circumstances leading to their immigration to Canada. I have tried to provide a general understanding of the way of life on Benbecula, the political and economic forces affecting the lives of the people, and the circumstances that caused the family to leave. Also, within the narrative I have tried to paint a picture of each of the heads of family in the format of a biographical sketch. Each is written as a stand-alone entry. I end with a description of my father and my early years growing up

in Lima. Finally, I have included a McCormick Family History written by my Uncle John McCormick. In it, he provides a rich description of his father and mother and life during the depression. I relied heavily on his work in writing about Grandpa Mac, and have included several writings by Grandpa that Uncle John transcribed.

Throughout this document, I will use this italicized font to make ancillary comments about the content. For example, I am very confident about our pedigree back to my Great-great-great grandfather, John McCormick. I have identified Angus McCormick as his father based on information provided to me by Angus MacMillan. However, he did not provide me with any documentation. So I can't be sure. As a result, I am limited to providing general information about the time in which Angus McCormick lived.





Because of the fog of time, and the lack of verified documentation, the names, dates and relationships beyond 1850 are always subject to change with new information. The first documented census in Scotland was in 1841.

A FAMILY STORY

The McCormick's From Benbecula, Scotland to Lima, Ohio

INTRODUCTION

Among the fond memories of my childhood are those times when I had the opportunity to listen to my parents, aunts, uncles and grandparents talking about their past. I always enjoyed the stories and now I wish I had written them down. I was especially fascinated with one story in particular; that of a "lost sister" who somehow got separated from the rest of the family when they immigrated to Canada. Because (according to the story) nobody knew what happened to her, I always envisioned a kind of parallel family of relatives waiting to be discovered.

Then, in 1976 my dad created a little booklet entitled Days to Remember which he printed for members of the family. It was a simple booklet which listed by month the dates of births, marriages and deaths of family members. The idea was that on each day of the year you would have a ready reference of who was born, or died, or married on that date in the past. In helping my dad organize the information for his booklet I became more determined to search for our family roots.

An important source document that was available was a simple family genealogy prepared by my Uncle Archie McCormick, to commemorate his parent's (AB and Bridget Connelly McCormick) fiftieth wedding anniversary. This notebook provided the foundation for seeking more information. It was especially valuable because it was based on family knowledge and oral history.

Archie's genealogy showed that my Grandpa Mac's father was Hugh McCormick who was the son of Alexander McCormick and Anne McLeod. It also documented that he was born in 1844 at Benbecula, Scotland.

The genealogy also showed that Grandpa Mac's mother, Ann McCormick, was the daughter of Archibald McCormick and Mary McPhee McCormick. They were also immigrants from Benbecula. (The fact that a McCormick married a McCormick caused my Aunt Ann McCormick Tuohy to worry throughout her later years about the possibility that a cousin may have married a cousin.) Ann was born in Steven, Ontario in 1858, the youngest of the children of Archie and Mary, and more than likely, she and Hugh were distant cousins.

I remember my Aunt Ann commenting that Ann and Hugh did not know each other, and that their marriage was arranged. My Uncle John also makes this claim in Family History, and my father was also of the belief that they met for the first time on their wedding day. However, there is no direct evidence to substantiate this, and the belief probably reflected the notion that the Canadian settlers were more isolated in the wilderness than they really were. While an arranged marriage may have occurred, in fact, they

were married in the Catholic Church at Mt. Carmel, Ontario and had their marriage bans announced in advance. Also, Hugh McCormick in a letter to Grandpa Mac which is reproduced later, states fairly directly that he asked her. "I didn' t give much time to judge me, nor me to judge, but we lived happy together. Put up with some hardships but we had each other and whatever one wanted to do the other was willing."

A distinguishing characteristic of the Scots who immigrated to Canada in the 1800' s was their inclination to stay together on slices of land, frequently at the edge of the settled territory. There, they retained their identity and maintained the customs and language of their native land. In addition, the practice guaranteed the maintenance of relationships with families and relatives. There is no doubt that their limited ability to read and write English was also a major cause for the tendency to form Scottish settlements.

The Scots were also among the first to move westward as opportunities for new settlements arose. Thus, the progression from Benbecula to Bornish¹ in Upper Canada, then to Michigan were all accomplished as a group effort, and the resulting settlements were truly Scottish in nature, maintaining the Gaelic language and customs of their homeland.

Searching For A Lost Sister

The historical information in the Days to Remember booklet was based on two primary sources: the 1851 census of Canada, and The Bornish Centennial Booklet printed in 1949 to commemorate the 100th year of the Scottish settlement near Parkhill, Ontario. In addition to providing key information about Alexander, the census also challenged the family story concerning the missing sister.

As I stated above, the story, which I heard my father repeat more than once, concerned the sister of Hugh McCormick. While we now know that her name was Christina, I'm not sure that my father knew that. Anyway, according to the story, "she was lost". When pressed on this, his explanation was that when the family arrived in Quebec she was somehow separated and never found. As I recall, the explanation centered on a congested, unorganized landing, and somehow the daughter ended up with another family.

The story of Christina McCormick always intrigued me and probably more than anything else, motivated me to go to Canada to see what I could find out about her and the McCormick family. I had always wondered what had happened to her; whether she had a family; whether she could be somehow

¹ Bornish (Bornais) is a Scottish term. Bornish, Ontario received its name from the township of Bornish on the west side of the island of South Uist which was just South of Benbecula. Many of the original settlers were from the township.

found in the records of Canada. I took my first trip in 1977, and quickly discovered that the 1851 census of Canada contradicted the story. Christina was listed as an eight year old member of Alexander's family.

I remember being stunned to discover this fact, and for a time, even questioned if I had the correct Alexander McCormick. My doubt was magnified by the fact that Alexander's wife was listed as Mary McCormick not Anne. However, other facts led to the conclusion that this was the same Alexander who left Benbecula in 1849

PERSONAL CENSUS—ENUMERATION DISTRICT, No. 1 <i>Township</i> 71 ² OF							
Names of Inmates.	Profession, Trade or Occupation.	Place of Birth.	Religion.	Residence if out of limits.	Age next birth day.	Sex.	
						Male	Female
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
1 Alex McCormick	Farmen	Scotland	Methodist	X	36	1	
2 Mary McCormick		do	do	Y	24		1
3 Christina McCormick		do	do		8		1
4 Hugh McCormick		do	do		6	1	

1851 Census Canada West, Middlesex County, Williams Township, Part 3

In the 1861 census, Christina is listed as an eighteen year old, single resident of Lampton, Ontario. It was not uncommon for young women to leave their home to work as a family servant, and that may be the case with Christina. Also, given the fact that Alexander and his second wife (Mary Cameron) had four children, she may have felt a certain degree of separation from the younger family and her stepmother, and moved out of the home as soon as possible.

Name:	Alexander Duncan
Age:	26
Gender:	Male
Birth Place:	Canada
Residence:	Enniskillen Township
Spouse Name:	Christine McCormick
Spouse Age:	22
Spouse Gender:	Female
Spouse Birth Place:	Scotland
Spouse Residence:	Oil Springs
Marriage Date:	20 Oct 1865
Father Name:	James Duncan
Mother Name:	Christina Chalmers
Spouse Father Name:	Alexander McCormick
Spouse Mother Name:	Annie McLeod
County:	Lambton
Microfilm Roll:	1030058

One of the more interesting facts in the 1861 census listing is that Christina's religion is identified as being Methodist. Thus, it may be that being "lost" (in the eyes of staunch Catholics) might not be a reference to being physically lost, but rather, being spiritually lost.

On October 20, 1865 Christina married Alexander Duncan. According to the 1871 census, Alexander is a carpenter and there is some reason to believe that the family rented rooms to borders. Christina had four children,

Anna born in 1867, Effie born in 1869, Gertrude born in 1871, and Millie born in 1873. (These would be Grandpa Mac's aunts.) On November 17, 1879, she died after a miscarriage at the age of 35. She is buried in Lampton, Ontario. It is not known if she ever made contact with her father or brother after leaving home and starting her own family.

During my work I came upon a Great granddaughter of Christina, the granddaughter of her fourth child, Millicent (Millie) Christine Duncan. Her name is Jane Mackay and she lives in Texas. She has done extensive work on the Mackay family genealogy. We share Alexander McCormick as a Great-great grandparent.

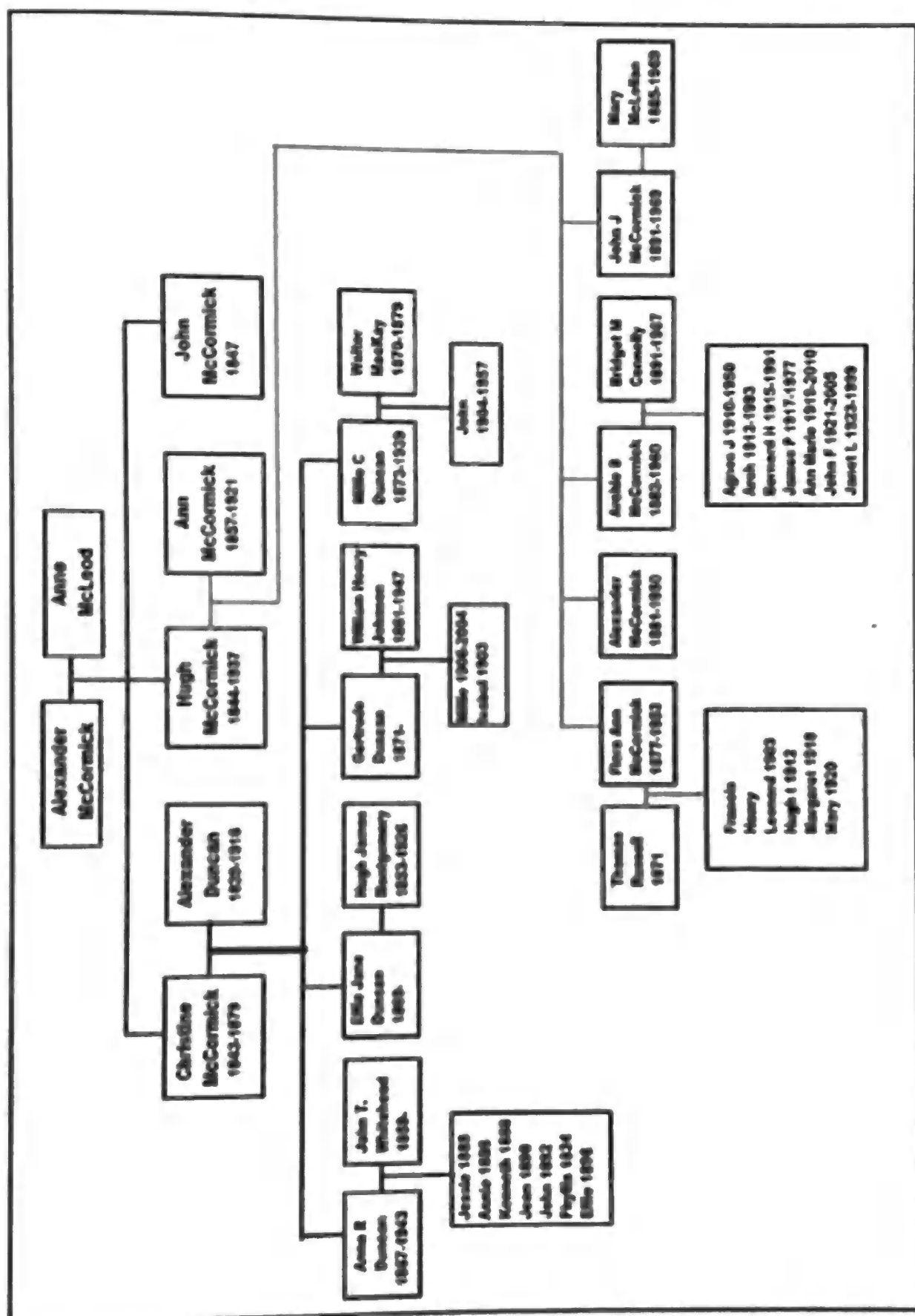
Was It The Brother?

While the question concerning Christina is solved, others remain. One relates to the life of her younger brother John. Alexander and Anne had three children: Christina, Hugh and John. My uncle John McCormick was able to find baptism records for all three when he visited Scotland. There is also reason to believe that Alexander and Anne left Benbecula with all three children.² John, born in 1847, would have been a two year old baby.

According to Angus MacMillan, there is strong and creditable evidence that Anne died at sea while journeying to North America. This seems to be the case given the fact that in the 1851 census Mary Cameron is listed with Alexander.³ However, John is not found in the 1851 census. It is possible that he also died during the journey, or that he may have been given to the care of another family after the death of his mother. Thus a child may have been lost in the move from Scotland to Canada, but instead of a lost sister, it may have been a lost brother.

² Bill Lawson, A Register of Immigrant Families from the Western Isles of Scotland to Ontario, Canada; Part I, SUE 100, Pg. 37.

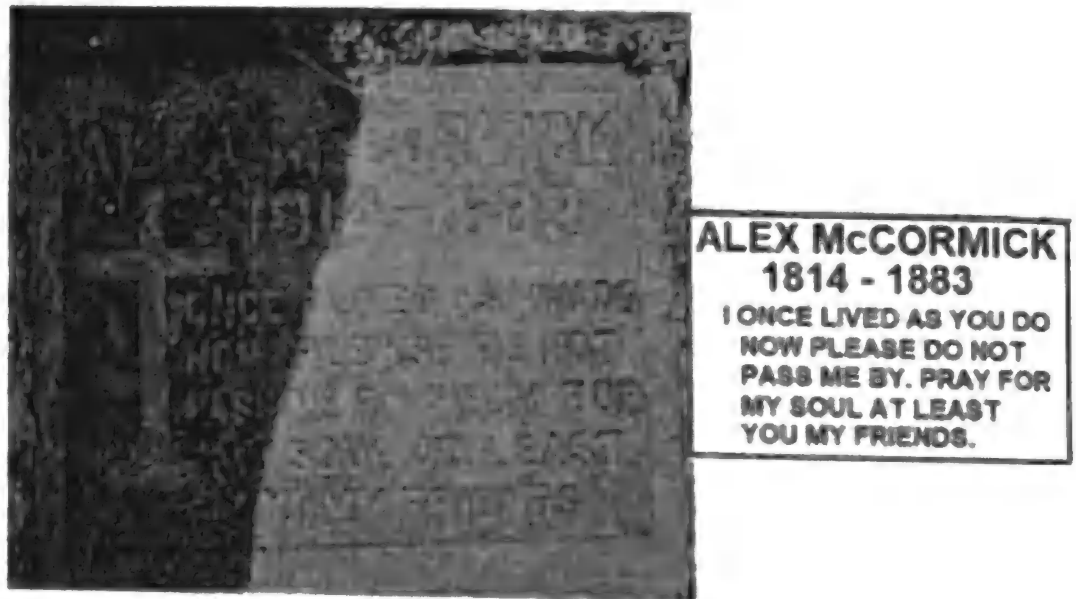
³ I have not been able to document the marriage of Alexander and Mary Cameron. However, given the timeline it may have been among the first marriages in the new settlement.



INITIAL STEPS

In the summer of 1977 I travelled to Park Hill, Ontario and happened upon the Catholic Church just as the evening Benediction service was ending. An older gentleman came out and I introduced myself and told him I was looking for information about the McCormick's. His name was Jerome McIntyre, and he was very willing to help me. The next day he introduced me to Miss Tillie McCormick who had extensive knowledge of the Bornish settlement that was the home of the Scottish immigrants. He also took me out to the pioneers' church, St. Columba, and its cemetery. My visit left several lasting impressions:

I was amazed to discover that there were many McCormick's buried in the Bornish cemetery. In fact McCormick was a very common name. With Jerome's assistance I was able to find Alexander's grave.⁴ His tombstone appeared to be relatively new when compared with the norm. Its inscription is also unique in its appeal to the passer-by.



The first time I read it, I felt that he was speaking to me from his grave. I obviously said a prayer for him and still do.

There were no other immediate family members buried near Alexander although I am fairly certain that at least his brother Peter and sister Ann, and probably his brother Donald, as well as other members of his extended family are buried at Bornish.

In Tillie McCormick I gained a friend who was not able to provide any specific information about our family other than the fact that we were not related to her line of McCormick's who were from the island of South Uist. (I think she may have been relieved.) She was able to help me sort out the names in the cemetery. She also had connections and relatives in Michigan,

⁴ A picture of the gravestone can be seen at: <http://geneofun.on.ca/names/photo/923084>

and knew my father's first cousin Margaret Darland who lived in Saginaw. Through her and Margaret I was able to talk with Joe McCormick, a grandson of Alexander McCormick and his second wife Mary Cameron.⁵

Joe McCormick (1901-1981) was the son of Donald McCormick (1861-1945) the third of Alexander and Mary Cameron McCormick children. He and my grandfather AB McCormick (1883-1960) would have been 1st cousins.

I will be forever grateful to Tillie for sending me a copy of the Bornish Centennial booklet. That booklet identified Alexander as a tailor and head of a family, and one of the contributors to the construction fund for a new church in 1860, a sign that he had escaped the extreme poverty of his childhood. It also provides an account of the lives of the 49ers, and the conditions of their immigration. The Centennial booklet provided me with a direct link to the past, placing our family in the Bornish settlement. Thus, it provided a solid source documenting the end-point of their immigration from the Isles.

During my visit, I soon discovered that Jerome McIntyre was a very proud Scotsman. When I mentioned that my family background was Scotch-Irish he corrected me using a stern voice saying that "your people were from Scotland". He had no tolerance for the idea that the Scots were simply Irishmen who stopped over for a couple hundred years or so on their way to the new world.

When I think of Jerome, I am reminded of another story that my dad told me: In his later years Grandpa Mac would help out at my dad's tavern (The Last Chance) on the North side of Lima, Ohio. One of the busiest days each year was St. Patrick's Day. Dad shared with me that Grandpa had commented to him that he didn't understand why so many people were celebrating St. Patrick's Day at the Last Chance because "We're Scottish". I think that grandpa Mac and Jerome McIntyre were two of a kind, and would have enjoyed each other's company.

While there is a tendency in our family to emphasize the Irish side of our Scotch and Irish roots, for my Grandpa Mac, like Jerome McIntyre, there was no question about his origins. His father and grandfather as well

5 I met with Joe on a warm summer afternoon in St. Charles. He was a very pleasant gentleman who shared with me his knowledge of Alexander's second family from his marriage with Mary Cameron. While I have been unable to document a marriage date, Alexander must have married Mary shortly after his arrival in Canada. She is listed in the 1851 census. They had four children: Anne, Mary Anne, Donald and Catherine (Kate). Joe McCormick is the son of Donald McCormick. He was not able to provide me with any detailed information about his grandfather who died prior to his birth. He did share that Mary moved to Michigan after the death of Alexander. To my chagrin, I only met with him one time.

as his mother's parents were born in Scotland, and he was Scottish. In addition, his Great grandparents on both his father's and mother's side were also natives to Scotland.

Born in 1883, (the year his grandfather [Alexander McCormick] died) he grew up in a Scottish settlement in Michigan with neighbors and friends who had brought their Scottish traditions with them from the original pioneer settlement at Bornish, Ontario. Growing up among the likes of "Rocky Dan", given the name because of the stony quality of his land, but later becoming known as Beaver Dan after settling near Beaver Creek; or Little Angus, not to be confused with Sheriff Angus, whose children were known as Sheriff Ed, Sheriff John, and Sheriff Margaret; or Red-faced John, named after his strikingly high color; or Fine Angus, because he was so small; and Bogha John, whose nickname referred to his teetering motion when dancing; it is certain that he was totally immersed in the "Scottish Settlement" to the west of Saginaw, and that he grew up hearing the stories (undoubtedly romanticized) of life in the Isles. (I am fairly certain that "Bogha John" was in fact Grandpa Mac's uncle John McPhee.)

The names and descriptions of the men of the Scottish settlement cited above are taken from a booklet prepared for the 75th anniversary of the Guardian Angels Church, Fremont, Michigan. Writing in 1980, the writer provides a glimpse of the Scottish community and culture in which Grandpa Mac was born and raised. Note the tone of a persecuted people seeking religious freedom. This is an underlying theme that is found in much of the later generation's writings, and must have been part of the immigration narrative.

The Fifties had known a great exodus of men and their families from the Isles of Scotland to Canada, seeking religious peace and a better living for themselves and theirs. The sons and daughters of these men and women came in turn to the States and settled in Michigan about eight miles west of St. Charles in Saginaw County. Here grew and flourished a little Scotland, the population probably never exceeding fifty families. Here they lived, secure in their Catholic Faith and Scottish customs, as isolated as though they had been on one of their own stony Isles in the Western Hebrides. The stubbornness with which these Scots fought to get a living from their rocky Isles in the Atlantic, and to keep their faith against persecution and distance from Rome, sent them seeking until they found a land and a peace to their liking, and in the States they made a Settlement which had all the charm of the old homeland and all the security of the new. It must have been this same stubbornness that made these hard-working people so appreciative of small happiness's and so ready for dance and song.⁶

⁶ The Scotch Settlement from Guardian Angels Celebration Day, September 28, 1980, Page 4.

The Scottish customs followed in Michigan were assuredly a continuance of those of the settlers in Ontario. Grandpa Mac's father, Hugh, 5 years old at the time of his family's move from Benbecula, also grew up to be a young man in the Scottish settlement at Bornish, Ontario. He would have been equally immersed in the culture and history of the pioneers who migrated to Canada. There is no doubt that he would have been very familiar with the stories of the Isles, the clan traditions, and the trials of those who migrated to Canada.

The Christmas after I met Jerome McIntyre I received a letter in which he shared with me the inscription on a new monument that had been constructed celebrating the original settlers at Bornish.

Our forefathers arrived here in the year 1849 hence they are called the 49ers. They brought with them only the clothes they wore and their firm beliefs. Calling their new abode East and West Williams, names from home, they settled down to clear the wilderness, and face the harsh northern winter. They were men of fortitude. This is why we perpetuate the Highland tradition and patriotic interest.⁷

The Canadian settlers were a proud people who knew their heritage. In the words of the author of The History of Bornish Parish, "It is fitting that we pay worthy tribute to our venerable ancestors, who one hundred years ago, arrived in this country of unbroken forests to make homes for themselves and their posterity."⁸

THE PIVOTAL POINT

There is no doubt that 1849 is the pivotal point of our family's story. For, it was 1849 when Alexander McCormick left Scotland, and brought his family to North America escaping famine, poverty and the grim life of a crofter. It's not known for sure whether his decision to leave was involuntary, the result of the brutal force of eviction as described in the Clearance literature, or the result of a choice compelled by the dire circumstances of life on Benbecula. Either way, it set in motion a chain of events the magnitude of which cannot be adequately described. Four generations later, 50 "first cousins", the Grand children of Archie, Great grandchildren of Hugh, and Great-great grandchildren of Alexander, have grown up and raised their own families while enjoying the freedoms and the opportunities of our democratic society: Freedoms and opportunities that were routinely denied Alexander and his parents and grandparents.⁹

7 From personal letter to Jim McCormick

8 The History of Bornish Parish, author unknown, prepared for the Bornish Centennial 1848-1849 celebration.

9 Fifty refers to the offspring of Archie and Bridget McCormick. If all of the great-great grandchildren of Alexander were included I am certain the number would exceed 100.



Photo is of members of the Scottish Community at St. Charles. It was shared with me by Margaret Darland, the daughter of Flora McCormick. According to Margaret, "The picture was taken at Uncle John McPhee's home one Sunday after their Mass. They are all related in some way. Grandma and Grandpa are in it and their brothers and sisters and family. They said the children had to stay in the house." (Hugh McCormick possibly 3rd from left.)

(This same photo was sent to me by Sue MacDonald Morrissey. It is her family's understanding that the picture was taken in front of the MacDonald home. It verifies that the McCormicks and MacDonalds were related.)

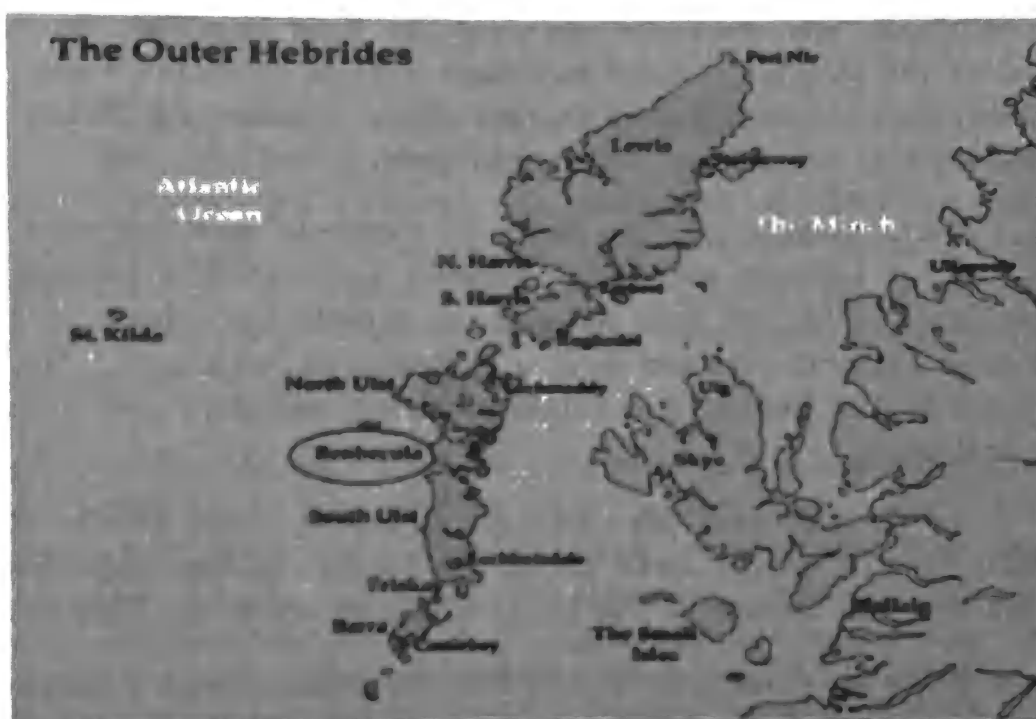
THE HOMELAND

Three Descriptions:

"A little shabby scraggy corner of a remote island, with a climate that cannot ripen an apple".¹⁰

'The sea here, is all islands, and the land all lakes. That which is not rock is sand; that which is not mud is bog; that which is not bog is lake; that which is not lake is sea; and the whole is a labyrinth of islands, peninsulas, promontories, bays, and channels....little better than a patch of wilderness, half swamped in ocean...' ¹¹

"The most God forsaken land I have ever seen."¹²



The Hebrides (pronounced Heb-rugh-deez) are a group of islands off the west coast of Scotland, and are subdivided into two groups, the Inner and Outer Hebrides. The Outer Hebrides are approximately 50 miles from the coast of Scotland, and are separated from the Inner Hebrides by The Minch on the north and the Sea of Hebrides on the south.

The Isle of Skye and a few much smaller islands form the Inner Hebrides, while the Outer Hebrides (also known as The Long Island, and the Western Isles) are made up of a 130 mile long chain of islands which include Lewis and Harris at the northern end and Barra at the southern end. Between these, lie three islands, North Uist, Benbecula and South Uist frequently

10 Edinburgh Review, 1824

11 The quote is from the website A Vision of Britain Through Time and can be accessed at http://www.visionofbritain.org.uk/place/place_page.jsp?p_id=21939&st=BENBECULA

12 My Uncle Bernard McCormick's description after visiting Benbecula in his later years.

referred to simply as the Uists. The island of Benbecula was the home of our Scottish ancestors.

THE LONG ISLAND, as this chain of islands forming the Outer Hebrides is named, extends from Barra Head to the Butt of Lewis. Geologically it is interesting, as it forms a huge breakwater to the Atlantic, which otherwise would have long ago swept away the later formations which compose the Inner Hebrides, and would have made serious inroads on the western seaboard of the mainland. The rock formation of the Outer Hebrides stands out as a solid wall of Archaean age, breasting the billows of the ocean in their ceaseless assault upon our islands.¹³

While remote, the islands were not isolated. Commerce existed with the mainland, and travel to and from the Inner Hebrides, as well as the mainland was possible. Flora MacDonald (perhaps Benbecula's most well-known citizen) helped Bonnie Prince Charles escape from British forces in 1746 by smuggling him to the island of Skye by rowboat.

During high tides, the people of Benbecula were separated from their northern and southern neighbors. However, at low tide a somewhat dangerous crossing could be made over the mudflats between the islands; a distance of two miles to North Uist and about a half mile to South Uist. Thus it is not unreasonable to imagine that relatives to our ancestors also lived on North and South Uist.

We do know that our Scottish relatives lived in the township of Uachdar located on the north end of the island. Uachdar which means cream, earned its name because of its location at the top of the island.

Benbecula's name is derived from the Gaelic "Beinn a' bhfaodhla" which means "mountain of the fords" even though the "mountain" is only 400 feet high. It is not a large island, somewhat circular in nature approximately 8 miles in length, and approximately 8 miles wide. The west side of the island, looking out across the Atlantic, is dotted with **sandy coves**. The east side is wilder, with boggy **moors** and craggy **hills**. Because of the effect of the Gulf Stream, **snow is not common, and winters are generally not extreme.**

"Its shores are indented with almost innumerable small bays and headlands; its general surface is low flat land, torn into shreds by intersections of the sea, and by a multitude of small inland lakes; and its soil is so sandy and barren as to yield but a very scanty sustenance to the inhabitants."¹⁴

¹³ Mackenzie, W.C., History of the Outer Hebrides (Lewis, Harris, North and South Uist, Benbecula and Barra), LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO. 1903, Pg. 547.

¹⁴ www.visionofbritain.org.uk/place/place_page.jsp?p_id=21939&st=BENBECULA

Like all of the Western Isles, the western coastline of Benbecula is predominantly machair, a sandy, low-lying, semi-fertile pasture-land that develops between the beach and peat bogs found further inland. Because it has a high shell content, sometimes up to 80 - 90%, it is able to support grazing and some cultivation.

The existence of these low-lying plains have permitted the islands to support settlements for well over 2000 years including the Vikings who began attacking the east coast of England and the northern islands off Scotland in the late 8th century. The Viking Age lasted from approximately 800 to 1050 A.D. During this period they conquered much of the area including Ireland. Eventually they created settlements, intermarried and assimilated with the native population.

Yes, the McCormick genes include Viking links.

In 2012 I ordered a DNA test kit from Ancestry.com which provided information about my ethnic background. According to this test my ethnicity is described as 100% European (Ireland 79% , Scandinavia 10%, Great Britain 4%, Italy/Greece 2%, Europe West 2% , Iberian Peninsula 1%, Finland/Northwest Russia 1%.) The lack of a Scottish percentage is explained below.

Originally, the land that was to become Scotland was occupied by numerous Celtic tribes. Four major tribes eventually dominated: The Picts ruled the north, east and most of what is today central Scotland. The Britons, dominated the west of lower Scotland and some of England. The third group, the Angles, originated from Germany and settled southeast Scotland and portions of England. The fourth major tribe, the Scots, were a combative and expansive tribe who emanated from Ireland, and ruled the Western Isles.

The term Scots is believed to be a corrupted form of Scottus or Scotti, which meant "raiders". They began to raid Pict territory in western Scotland around 250 A.D. By the fourth century around 500 A.D. the Kingdom of the Scots, Dalriada (Dal Riata) was established in what is now Argyll. The kingdom stretched from east Ireland through the Western Isles to Argyll, in western Scotland.

As more and more Scots settled among the Picts, their Gaelic language eventually predominated. Over time, as a result of intermarriage and the arrival of Christianity the Pict culture was completely assimilated. Today, there is no written history of the Pictish kingdom and it is generally

accepted that they simply ceased to exist in the historical record as a separate political and ethnic entity.

Thus, all of the people of the Western Isles can trace their heritage to the Scots from Ireland.

THE LAND BELONGED TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES

From the late fourteenth century until it was sold in 1839, the people of South Uist and Benbecula owed their allegiance to the MacDonald's of Clanranald. The Clanranald estates stretched from Moidar and the Arisaig on the mainland to South Uist and Benbecula in the Isles.

The Macdonalds of Clanranald (Sometimes referred to simply as Clan Ranald) are one of the branch clans of Clan Donald, one of the largest Scottish clans. Clan Donald is named after Donald, the son of Reginald and Grandson of Somerled who was the son of a 12 century leader name Gillebride. Gillebride was frequently portrayed as the "king of the isles" and "king of Argyll" although there is no definitive proof of his origins.

The Macdonalds of Clanranald descend from Donald's grandson, Angus Og (Angus the Young). Angus Òg supported Robert the Bruce at the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314 and in reward was permitted to keep control of the Isles and in addition gained most of the land confiscated from the McDougalls who backed the defeated side. Angus Og's son John (Good John of Islay) assumed the title of Lord of the Isles in 1336.

Jon's second wife Margaret was the daughter of Robert II. The Macdonald's of Clanranald descend from their eldest son Reginald.

In 1794, six year old Ranald George MacDonald succeeded his father as the 20th chief of Clanranald. Because of his age, the lands were at first governed by trustees. However, in time he assumed his role as chief. Eventually, personal financial difficulties overwhelmed him, and from 1813 until 1839 he sold almost all of the traditional Clanranald lands. In the end, he only held on to the ruined Castle Tioram on the mainland. The islands of Barra, South Uist and Benbecula were purchased by Gordon of Cluny in 1839. Cluny became a notorious landowner and a tyrant in the lives of the McCormicks.

Gordon of Cluny was an Aberdeenshire financier with considerable land holdings. He may have been one of the richest commoners in Scotland and

England. He purchased the land as a business speculation, hoping to transform a poor land with low income from rentals into huge long term gains. Gordon was described by an associate to be a very pugnacious person, and a man who it was difficult to act with openness and candor. He was apparently, 'an extremely hard-headed businessman' who personally scrutinized every detail of the management of his estates.

It is not known how long our McCormick ancestors lived on the islands of the Outer Hebrides. However, there is no reason to believe that they are indigenous to the area. While we do not know when that first McCormick ancestor arrived or the circumstances surrounding his immigration, more than likely, we are the descendants of a MacCormack who arrived from Ireland some time during the last half of the 17th Century (1650-1700).

The following summarizes information from Wikipedia, and a small booklet I purchased entitled The Origins of the Clan McCormick and Their Place in Celtic History.

McCormick is a surname that is closely associated with both Scotland and Ireland but probably originated in Ireland. There are various spellings including McCormack, MacCormack, MacCormick, McCormick, MacCormaig, MacCormaic, etc. all generally meaning the son of Cormac. There is a general misunderstanding that Mac and Mc indicate Scottish or Irish origins. In fact they are the same word. Mc is actually an abbreviated form of Mac.

In 2016, I received a note on Ancestry from Jan Fisher concerning the McCormicks. She too was communicating with Angus MacMillan, and wrote that on Benbecula, Mac was the norm, but it was sometimes abbreviated Mc. "When the M(a)cCormicks, M(a)c Donalds and others came to Canada as part of the Lady Cathcart Settlers in 1883 and 1884, many dropped the "a". No one seems to know if this was the result of sloppy transit/immigration records or if it was a choice. (I've heard both explanations.) Some families began using it again in subsequent generations, some did not. Hence, my mother's family was Mac, dropped the "a" on arrival and 2 generations later (her maiden name was McDonald), some of her 1st cousins re-adopted the "a" in the early 1960s so go by MacDonald.

Cormac is translated literally as "Charioteer, Warrior". The name was a very popular choice of names by parents in medieval times. This was due to the influences of the Saint of the same name. Saint Cormac was the first Bishop of Cashel

an important diocese in the south of Ireland. Cashel was also the King of Munster and responsible for a famous book of Psalms, the Cashel Psalter. He died in battle in AD 908. In those days McCormack was the name of a powerful Sept in the county of Longford.

Variations in the spelling can be attributed to the fact that Gaelic was the language of the Western Isles and the Highlands while those keeping records (usually for tax or legal purposes) generally spoke English. Thus, it was common, for a Gaelic version, a Scots version, and an English version, to exist for a name. (Scots Gaelic is a dialect of Irish Gaelic--the Scots came to Scotland from IRELAND in the middle of the first millennium.)

Immigration also resulted in a new spelling because those taking the details often had major problems understanding the accents of the immigrants and recorded names phonically. The fact that most of the immigrants were unable to read or write left little chance for errors to be caught and corrected. Standardization of the spelling of names began to occur with the 1841 census of Scotland which listed people by name rather than simply enumerating those at a specific address. While we now spell our name McCormick, in the 1841 census it was in fact spelled in several ways, most commonly McCormick. Given the fact that Alexander's grave stone uses the McCormick spelling I have used this spelling for all of our ancestors unless I am quoting from a specific document.

Origin Stories

I have become aware of two common stories explaining the origin of the McCormick's in the Western Isles neither of which have been well documented.

1. A McCormick was brought to the Islands from Ireland as a ship builder.

In this scenario, the McCormick's on the island are the descendants of a McCormick hired by the clan chief or one of his tacksmen as a ship builder. This idea was also mentioned to me by MacMillan.

The following is a post I found on an ancestry web site that summarizes this belief. It is by Allan J. Gillis who lives on Prince Edward Island in response to a query about the McCormick's:

It seems that most, if not all, of the MacCormicks in MacDonald of Clanranald's lands were descended from one Neil MacCormick of

Donegal who was brought to Castle Tioram in Moidart to build or repair galleys for Clanranald. The names Neil, Dougald and Donald seem to occur often in his descendants.¹⁵

Castle Tioram is the traditional seat of the MacDonald of Clanranald. It was seized by Government forces around 1692 when Clan Chief Allan of Clanranald joined the Jacobite Court in France, despite having sworn allegiance to the British Crown. A small garrison was stationed in the castle until the Jacobite Uprising of 1715 when Allan recaptured and torched it, purportedly to keep it out of the hands of Hanoverian forces. It has been unoccupied since that time. Thus, if this is the story of the origins of the MacCormicks, it would appear that we arrived in the Western Isles some time before 1692.

2. The second story is that a MacCormick accompanied missionaries from Ireland.¹⁶

According to Clan Donald history MacCormick is a name associated with Clan Donald and the MacDonald's of Clanranald.

For a family or surname to be associated with a clan, the name or family must be related to the clan, or have been located on the clan's traditional lands. The MacCormick's associated with Clanranald are limited to the descendants of the missionaries who went to South Uist in 18th century.

Angus Macmillan has shared with me that Calum "Saggert" MacCormick the grandfather of several McCormick families who were living at Uachdar in the 1800's, and a possible relative of Alexander, has a name that suggests a relationship with the clergy.

According to MacMillan the name Saggart is "usually associated with a priest". Quoting from an e-mail sent to me on December 27, 2011, "the assumption is that at least the earlier one (referring to Calum) may have been a helper or servant to a priest; or even that he or possibly an ancestor of the same name, may have accompanied a priest coming from Ireland to the Uists, so introducing the MacCormick name to the islands."

In May, 2016 I was contacted by Julie Sowinski a descendant of Ann McCormick, sister of Alexander. We are fourth cousins. (Sharing the same Great-great-great grandfather.) She is of the belief that we are descendants of Calum Saggert. In her correspondence she states: "According to the verbal history of Benbecula (this can be found in the history center ran by

¹⁵ Ancestry.com/boards/localities.northam.canada.ontario.glengarry/1570.4.1/mb.ashx

¹⁶ (See Clan Macdonald of Clanranald (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Clan_MacDonald_of_Clanranald) for a chart of associated families and Septs.)

Bill Lawson in the Hebrides), John McCormick (MacCormick) is the son of Angus, Son of Malcolm. Malcolm (Calum) per this oral history is known as Calum Saggart. Calum Saggart means the Priest's Malcolm. The history states that Malcolm McCormick came to Benbecula from Ireland as a mass server with an Irish Priest who went there on missionary."

At one time I too believed that Calum Saggart McCormick was the grandfather of John McCormick and Great grandfather of Alexander. However, as I will discuss later, I now believe that the oral history account is accurate, however, it is referring to a different John McCormick. Angus MacMillan was very confident that there were two John McCormick's living at Uachdar. The 1841 census confirms this.

In searching for more information on "Saggart" MacCormick I came across an article entitled "Ghost Light of the West Highlands" published in Folk-Lore in 1897. The article was based on a paper presented to the Gaelic Society of Inverness by Rev. John MacRury of Snizort, Skye on March 29, 1893. The story told by the Rev. MacRury is reported as follows:

There was a farmer in Benbecula, called as a nickname, for he was not a clergyman, Priest Callum. He was of the clan MacCarmac; and though Mr. MacRury knew one of his grandsons well, he never learned how he came by his title of "priest." Callum's wife was a witch. This pair had a daughter, who determined to gather rudh, a red dye, for her thread. She could not gather it during the day, as it was forbidden; so to keep the matter as hidden as possible she determined to go gathering it after twelve o'clock on Sunday night. When her mother heard her going out of the door, in spite of her expressed desire that she should not go, her mother said: 'You are not going, and your mother's curse on your head. I would (wish for) the day were come which would see the sole of your foot.' Apparently her mother had her desire, for the daughter of Priest Callum was never again seen alive or dead, on sea or land, though part of her clothing was seen on the plain where she was gathering the rudh. A short time after this, the light called the great fire was seen and apparently everyone believe that the daughter of Callum was the "Great Fire." Many thought that the appearance presented was that of fire in a basket which gave rise to the belief that the fire was in the breast of the girl. "They further believed that she was to walk the earth till the Day of Judgment, both because she herself had been so stubborn and because her mother had imprecated (placed a curse on) her (rinn droch guidhe dhi)."¹⁷

It would be nice if a direct link could be made to either Neil MacCormick of Donegal or Calum Saggart McCormick of

¹⁷ R.C. MACLAGEN, M.D., Ghost Light Of The West Highlands, in FOLK-LORE A Quarterly Review of Myth, Tradition, Institution, & Custom, The Transactions of the Folk-Lore Society, VOL. VIII - 1897 Published by David Nutt, pgs. 227-228.

Uachdar but so far the connection cannot be found. I personally believe that all of the McCormicks on Benbecula have a common forefather. One of the interesting evidences that support this theory is the fact that in Lawson's Index to the Marriages (Recorded and Unrecorded) in the Parish of South Uist (including Benbecula) Inverness-shire 1820-1855, there is no record of a McCormick marrying a McCormick. (This would also lend support to an argument that all of the McCormicks on South Uist and Benbecula are somehow related.)

There is no doubt that movement from island to island was very possible. For example, St Michael's, Ardkenneth, the church in which Alexander's children were baptized, was located at the northern end of the island of South Uist. This was the parish church for the north of South Uist and for the Island of Benbecula. So we know that the family traversed the 800 yard of mud flats during low tide. Also, as I will explain later Alexander's father John McCormick settled in Uachdar after crossing from Grimsay a small island between Benbecula and North Uist.

However, in the end, while I believe that all the McCormicks on the islands have a common forefather I can't rule out the possibility that two or more McCormicks from different origins migrated to the Isles and started families.

SOME BACKGROUND INFORMATION

Beginning with the fact that the McCormicks were inhabitants of the Outer Isles in the late eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries it is possible to gain a general understanding of their way of life and the circumstance in which they lived.

The Tradition Of The Clans

In working on Scottish genealogy, it is easy to get caught up in the folklore of the clans and the idea that your ancestor was a clansman. When I began searching for our family's past I simply assumed that the McCormicks were members of a clan, and my search for the Scottish link was a search to determine if there was a specific McCormick clan, and if not, which clan they belonged to. I must admit that I had a romanticized view of the clans, the one popularized by the writings of Sir Walter Scott, and other writers who wrote years after the end of the clan society and social order. Thus while I was unable to find a historical McCormick Clan, it was motivating to find that the McCormick name is, in fact, linked to three clans: Clan Buchanan, the MacLaine of Locbuie branch of Clan Maclean, and Clan Macdonald of Clanranald a branch of Clan Donald. As I discussed above, the McCormicks on Benbecula owed their allegiance to the MacDonalds of Clanranald.

Duncan Forbes of Culloden, one of the British government's principal representatives in Scotland in the 1740's defined the clan as follows:

A set of men bearing the same surname and believing themselves to be related the one to the other and descended from the same common stock. In each clan there are several subaltern tribes...but all agree in owning allegiance to the supreme chief of the clan or kindred and look upon it to be their duty to support him at all adventures.

The clan system was actually a remnant of the middle ages, and primarily served as a military model rather than an economic one. In reality, the majority of the people were little more than serfs, tied to a land they did not own, but in many respects believed was there's.

"When compared to the rest of Europe, the Highlands and Isles remained stubbornly feudal-like. With its own unique character, culture, language, and sense of identity, the clan was the center of all social, economic and cultural activity. Today, there is dispute among modern historians concerning the ability of the clan to meet the needs of its members. Some argue that it "proved to be a stable, lasting and fair way of living;" One that provided the population with a secure and relatively comfortable existence. On the other side are those who argue that it was a society with an economy that was "precariously balanced between meager sufficiency and intermittent shortage"¹⁸

The Highland's clan society evolved from the Celtic tribal society that had dominated the lands during the first 1000 years after the birth of Christ. The Highland Chiefs and thus the MacDonald Captains viewed themselves as tribal patriarchs responsible for the welfare of the people. First and foremost was the task of ensuring that the clan was a unified and effective military society. Secondly, it was the chief's responsibility to see that all members had sufficient land to provide for their existence. In return the clansmen owed him their loyalty. According to John Prebble in The Highland Clearances:

The chief's power, and his own sense of supremacy, was measured by the number of followers at his command. Not because they could be organized to raise produce for his consumption, or provide for his comfort, but because they could be commanded as fighting men. To achieve this end, he granted tacks (leases) on most of his land to family members and loyal supporters who were first and foremost fighting men. These tacksmen were expected to provide soldiers at

¹⁸ Devine, Tom, PhD, The Highland Clearances in ReFRESH a publication of the Economic History Society, Spring 1987.

the chief's command in return for the token rent he paid for his land.

The tacksmen were educated men and leaders, who in effect administered the chief's holdings. They gained their own wealth by renting their tacks to tenant farmers who "formed small communities or townships with six to eight men holding a farm in common".¹⁹ The tenant farmers farmed the land that could be farmed in runrig strips and the remainder of the farm was devoted to raising 30 to 40 black cattle the primary commodity of the islands. Beneath the tenant farmers were the cotters (peasants) who were the farm laborers and servants. "The cotter was from birth a servant. Tradition and customary right gave him a little grazing for a cow on the township pasture, a kale-yard and potato-patch by his round-stone hut, and for these he paid a lifetime of service to the tenant.

While it was intriguing to think of the McCormick's as clansmen, as I learned more about the clan society I began to realize that the picture of the clan that is common today is more aptly applied to fiction than fact. In reality, life in a Scottish clan was not nearly as pleasant as the later song writers and poets glamorized. After reading a number of different histories and commentaries of the times, I think that it is fair to say that except for those near the very top of the social order, a clansman's life on the outer isles was at its best, a constant struggle for survival.

In fact, the clan was a social order in which the vast majority of the people were subject to the dictates and arbitrary authority of the elite. In his History of the Outer Hebrides, W.C. MacKenzie describes the social order of the Islands as follows:

In the Long Island, as in the Hebrides generally, there were two distinct castes, the military class, and the labourers (sic) of the ground. Celtic feudalism drove a wedge between the two, and there is clear evidence of the thoroughness of the cleavage. The whole power of the community was vested in an oligarchy, composed of the chiefs and their relatives; while the proletariat were reduced to a condition not far removed from that of the thralls (slaves) during the Norse occupation of the Hebrides. The fighting, the hunting, the feasting class fought, and hunted, and feasted, at the expense of the class that stayed at home to till the soil. The sword was a mightier weapon than the spade; prowess in arms was of weightier concern than skill in agriculture. The lusty young men who followed their chiefs to the field of battle, looked down with contempt upon the helots who toiled in the field of corn. The bards flattered the vanity of the chiefs by fulsome eulogies, and encouraged their predatory instincts by the glorification of slaughter. And the proletariat sweated at their spades, and reared their cattle, to support the idle crowd in a state of barbaric splendour (sic).

¹⁹ Prebble, Pgs. 14- 15

Such, stripped of its glamour, is an outline of the operation of the clan system in the Outer Hebrides.²⁰

There is no evidence to suggest that the McCormick's were anything other than occupiers of the bottom rung of the social order. Cottars, the farm laborers and servants.

Daily Life On Benbecula

Using several sources as a guide, it is possible to create a generalized picture of the way of life on Benbecula at the beginning of the 1800's. There is no doubt that the following depicts the living conditions of the McCormick's for virtually all of the people on the island lived this way.

They lived in crude houses known as *bothies* or 'black houses' constructed of stone and turf, with heather thatched roofs in which family and livestock shared the meager space. In some cases, the house consisted of two rooms divided by a simple wall, one side for the family and the other for the livestock. (Superstition prevented the families from cleaning waste and debris from the floor until spring; for they believed that if it was spread too early, the winter winds would steal the nourishments from the earth.)

In the center of the family's living quarters, there continually burned a peat-fueled fire. The smoke from the fire permeated the room, and eventually found its escape through the thatched roof. When the time came to replace the thatch, the old roof was spread on the fields as fertilizer.

A black house required approximately 1,500 peats to keep it warm for a year. The job of cutting peat from the bog, spreading the cut peats on the field to dry, and paring and cleaning the moss would have equated to a minimum of one month's full-time work for a man. Once dried the peats were carried and stacked outside the house for winter's use. Peat was cut in the late spring and summer months and the work would often be shared by family members.



On Benbecula and most of the Western Isles, the ability to extract a living from the earth would have been impossible without the sea. The ground being mostly sand required

²⁰ Mackenzie, W.C., History of the Outer Hebrides (Lewis, Harris, North and South Uist, Benbecula and Barra), LONDON : SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO. 1903, pg. 547.

manure, and for the most part, it was the seaweed that the ocean deposited on the beaches, especially in the winter months, which served this purpose. Gathering the seaweed was an intensely physical task requiring ponies to transport the green manure to the vegetable plot where it would be spread over the land.

Up until the early 1800's the land was farmed using the runrig system. Runrig refers to the ridge and furrow pattern that was characteristic of the system, with alternating "runs" or furrows and "rigs" or ridges. The ridges were formed by digging the furrow by using a spade like tool (cas direach) to cut the turf and turning the sod creating the adjacent ridge. Ridges were approximately 20 feet wide with the length of the run primarily determined by the existence of intervening rocks, pools, or bogs. Because almost all of the land was untillable, runrigs were effectively islands of cultivation surrounded by marginal and waste land that was never worked. Even in the best of seasons they could not provide enough food to supply the population for more than 9 months.



The system of agriculture was practically the same in the eighteenth as in the sixteenth century, when Dean Monro visited the islands; and it was probably the same in the sixteenth, as it was in the sixth, century. In no part of the British Islands were conditions so backward, and in no part was the standard of comfort so low. The caschrom, the crooked spade-plough employed in agriculture, typified the stage of agricultural development at which the people had arrived; and the caschrom was in common use until the nineteenth century, and is not yet wholly extinct. Not until the second half of the eighteenth century, was the use of hay known; and not until the nineteenth century, was artificial drainage practiced. The crofting system, the principle of which was one man one holding, was not introduced until the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when it superseded the run-rig system, the cooperative principle of which was found to be unconserving to energy. Barley and oats, with

at least 1500 dead; the Hanoverian losses were only fifty dead and 259 wounded.²⁴

The massacre of the Jacobite forces at Culloden provided the English government with the ultimate grounds for taking control of the Highlands, and brought to realization the long standing desire of the English ruling class to pacify and modernize the barbarians of the Highlands. The dismantling of the clan way of life was viewed as an important and vital element necessary to achieve the unification of Britain and bring Scotland into the modern world.

In the aftermath of the defeat, all clansmen, both Jacobite and non-Jacobite, were disarmed. The wearing of traditional highland dress was prohibited, and the judicial power of the chiefs over the clans was abolished. "Having ceased to being a king in his own glens, having lost, by Act of Parliament, the power of 'pit and gallows' over the clan, he slowly realized that he was now a landlord not a warlord, and that he needed paying tenants not officers."²⁵

With the loss of their traditional symbols of power, the chiefs no longer had a need for a strong fighting force of clansmen. As a result, the social status they had grown accustomed to depended, more than ever before, on the amount of cash at their disposal.

The tacksman were the first to feel the effects of the new order. Their role as a military leader was no longer needed, and their traditional role as a middle man renting his tact to tenant farmers was deemed inefficient. As a result, in the aftermath of Culloden, the tacksman as a social class was quickly eliminated.

Seeing no prospect of betterment at home, the tacksman class emigrated to the New World. These were not 'forced' emigrations, rather those who could afford to go went. At the same time, the clan chiefs' affairs were run by trustees. The chiefs were becoming increasingly indebted and were mortgaging their Estates against gambling debts! The effects in Uist were that the traditional tacksman of Clanranald, often blood relations, left the island and were replaced by tenant farmers.²⁶

The immigration of the tacksman in the last half of the 18th century would later serve as a beacon to the waves of immigrants including the McCormick's in the 19th century.

²⁴ Magnusson, Pg. 620

²⁵ Prebble, Pg. 14

²⁶ Fr. Michael J. MacDonald, Priests of South Uist 1790-1830: A Time of Change, as printed on the website of the RC Diocese of Argyll and the Isles. <http://www.rcdai.org.uk/>

DOCUMENTING THE MCCORMICKS IN SCOTLAND

First Record

The first verified appearance of one of our ancestors in a historical record is John McCormick, who turns up on the rent roll of the Clanranald estate in 1812.

According to Angus MacMillan, the croft that John held was called Cnocnampeleir. In one of his first correspondence with me in 2011 he shared the following story:

"Cnoc (pronounced crock) is a mound or hillock and pellier is a bullet. The rather unlikely story attached to the croft is that someone in North Uist, which must have meant the island of Grimsay that stands in the gap between Benbecula and North Uist proper but, is in the parish of North Uist, was trying a new gun and shot a horse standing at said mound in Uachdar." ²⁷

Angus was certain (although he did not provide me with any citations or specific details) that John arrived at Cnocnampeleir by crossing the ford from Grimsay. Thirty years after his arrival at Cnocnampeleir, the census of 1841 shows that he remained a resident of Uachdar.

The 1841 Census

JOHN MC CORMICK IN THE 1841 CENSUS OF SCOTLAND		
Name	John McCormick	
Age	60	
Estimated Birthyear	abt 1781	
Gender	Male	
Where born	Inverness Scotland	
Civil Parish	South Uist	
County	Inverness	
Address	Uachdar	
Occupation	Farmer	
Parish Number	118	

Household Members	Name	Age
	John McCormick	60
	Cinsty McCormick	60
	Donald McCormick	55
	Alex McCormick	50
	Peter McCormick	25
	Angus McCormick	20
	Mary McCormick	20

The 1841 census was conducted on the night of June 6. It was the first time Scotland counted and listed its citizens by name. The information collected included: the location of the dwelling; the name of each person spending the night in the household; their age and gender; profession; and whether they were born in the same county as currently living.

It was common practice for the enumerators to round the ages of the family members to the nearest five years. Hence the McCormick's are listed as 60, 35, 30 and 20 respectively. From this,

we can surmise that John McCormick was born somewhere around 1781 give or take 3 years on either side, assuming the information he provided about his

²⁷ Personal correspondence From Angus McMillan to Jim McCormick.

age was accurate. The census includes a listing of Mary McCormick age 20 who I am fairly certain is the wife of Donald McCormick.

From the data it can be inferred that there was only one croft rented to John McCormick since all of his sons are recorded as living in the household.

Using the 1841 census, I have been able to identify six other McCormick families living in Uachdar. (The spelling of their names is as found in the Ancestry.com records.)

- Rodek (McKarmick (50), born about 1791 and Cursty MacLeod McCormick (45). 5 Children listed. Oldest Child Donald (20)
- Malcolm McCormick (40), born about 1801 and Catharine MacPherson McCormick (40). 4 Children listed. Oldest Child John (13)
- Niel McCormick (35), born about 1806 and Mary MacAulay McCormick (35). 1 Child listed. Donald (4)
- John McCormick (45), born about 1816 and Catharine MacMillan McCormick (40). 4 Children listed. Oldest Child John (14)
- Malm McCormick (40), born about 1801 and Cursty MacDonald McCormick (25). 3 Children listed. Oldest Child Angus (7)
- Alexr McCormick (40) born about 1801 and Marion MacInnes McCormick (30) - 1 Child listed. Marion (1)

The logical question is whether they are related to John.

Angus MacMillan has confirmed for me that Rodek (Roderick), Malcolm, and Niel are brothers, the sons of Donald McCormick (born about 1760; died about 1820) and Christy MacLeod. Likewise, John**, Malm and Alex are brothers and the sons of Angus McCormick (born about 1750; died after 1822) and Marion MacVis (MacCuish). All of these McCormicks are Grandsons of Calum Saggart McCormick (born about 1720).

Donald and Angus are the sons of Calum Saggart McCormick (born about 1720).

*** I' m fairly certain that this John McCormick is the person Julie Sowinski was referring to in citing the Bill Lawson History Center verbal history.*

As I stated above, Angus MacMillan was certain that John arrived at Cnocnampeleir in 1811 by crossing the ford from the island of Grimsay. At that time, he would have been about 30 years old, and when he arrived, there would have been two McCormick families, those of Donald and Angus, already there to greet him.

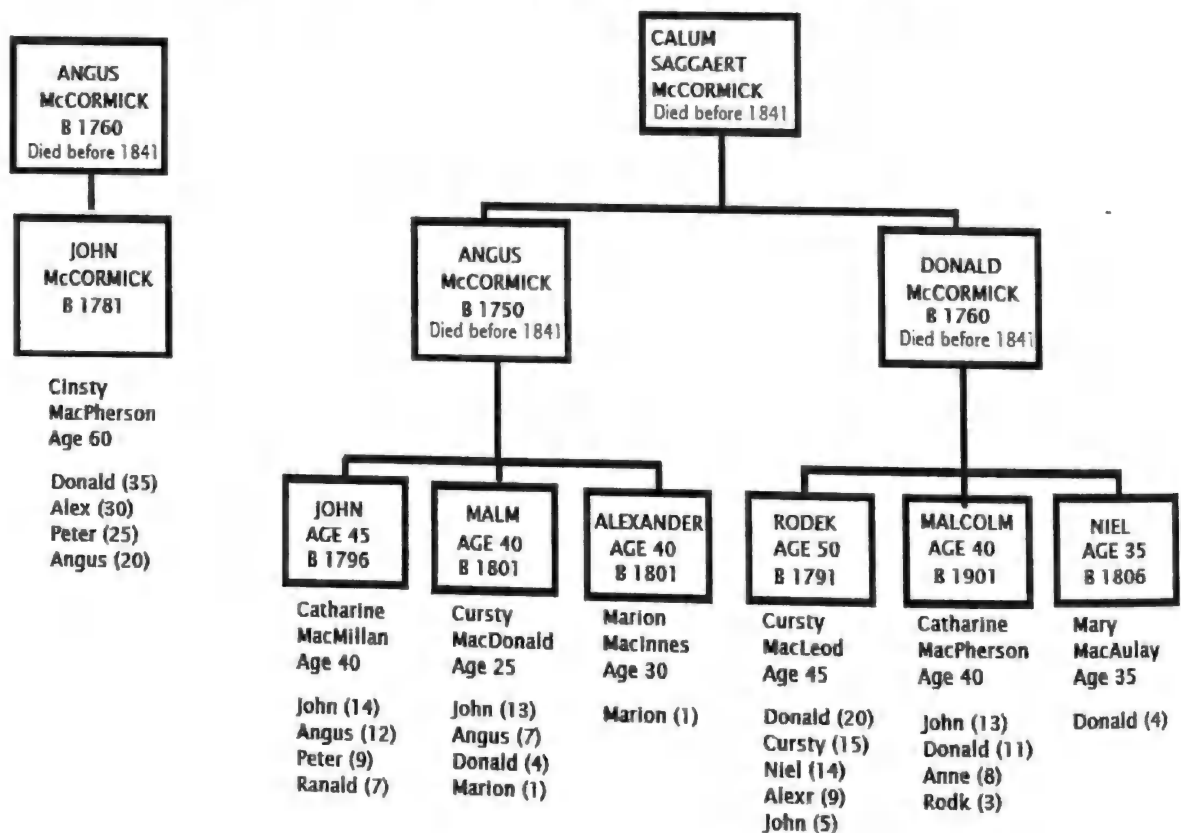
He (MacMillan) was also certain that John' s father' s name was Angus.

Given these facts, there are several scenarios which would explain the relationship to all the McCormicks at Uachdar.

1. John's father could be a brother to Angus and Donald. This would make him a grandson of Calum Saggart, and an older first cousin of the McCormicks at Uachdar.
2. John's father could be a first cousin of Angus and Donald. This would mean that John's Grandfather and Calum Saggart were brothers. This would make him a second cousin to the McCormicks at Uachdar.
3. John could be an older brother of John, Malm and Alexander. (Duplicate names among siblings was not unheard of.) At 60, he is the oldest of the heads of households at Uachdar, and with the exception of Rodek, there is a wide age gap between him and the other McCormick's. Thus it would appear that he is not of the same generation.
4. Other possibilities exist including John's father and Calum Saggart being first cousins (having the same grandparent).

I believe that it is more likely that John is a cousin of Donald and Angus. However, it could be simply happenstance that he arrived at Uachdar and settled among unrelated McCormick's.

McCORMICKS AT UACHDAR PER 1841 CENSUS OF SCOTLAND



In addition to the McCormicks at Uachdar, I have been able to find five other McCormick households listed as residents of Benbecula. All appear to be members of the same generation and may represent at the most, 3 or 4 family groups. These are:

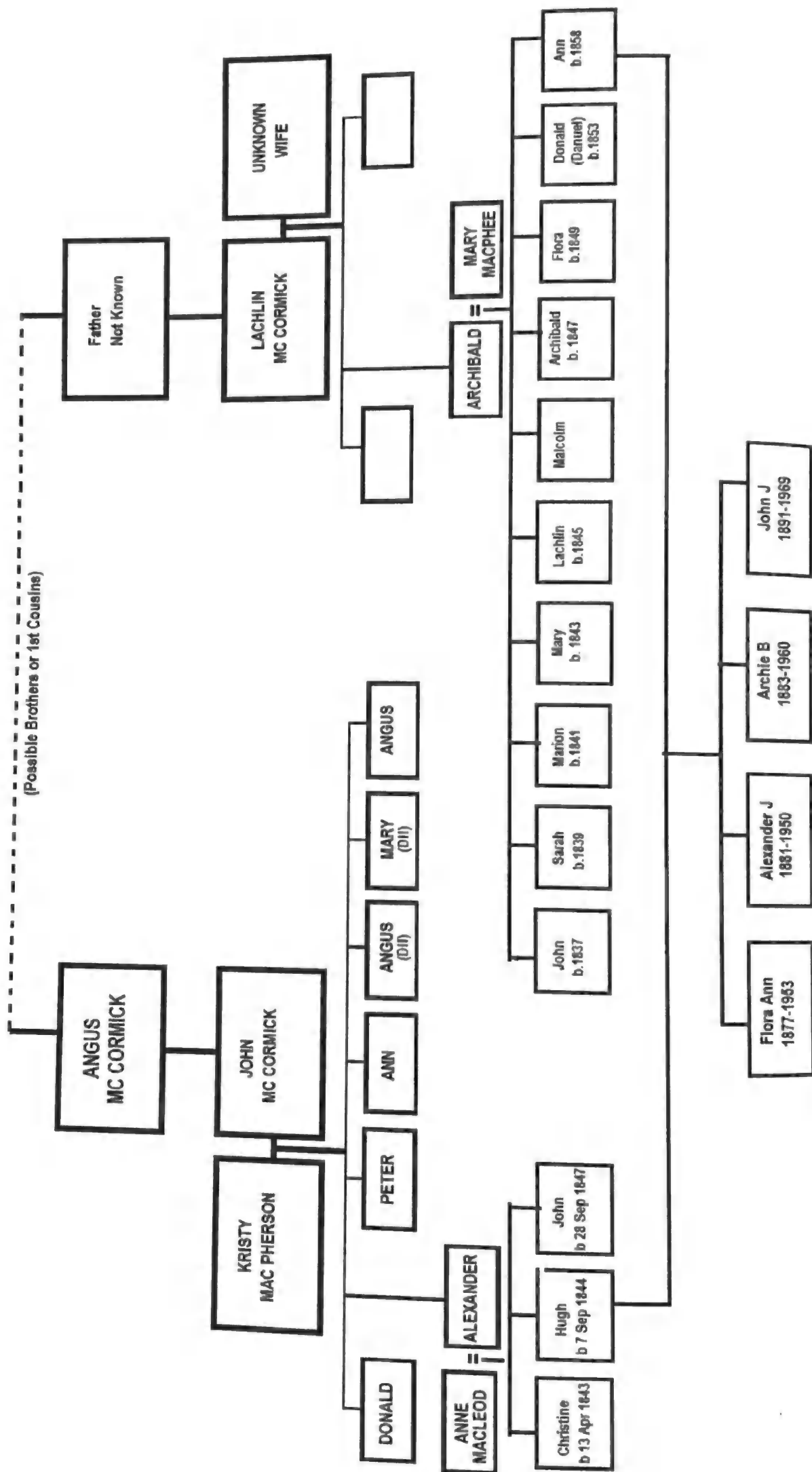
- Donald McCormick (45) and Mary MacLeod (40) from Balivanich - Oldest Child Catharine (7)

- Lachn McCormick (50) and Anne (50) from Torlum - Oldest Child Ewen (20)
- Donald McCormick (45) and Mary (40) from Torlum - Oldest Child Angus (14)
- Donnie McCormick (35) and Cathrine (28) from Creagory - Oldest Child Ann (10)
- Archibald McCormick (30) and Mary (30) from South Hacklet - Oldest Child Meron (Marion) (4)**

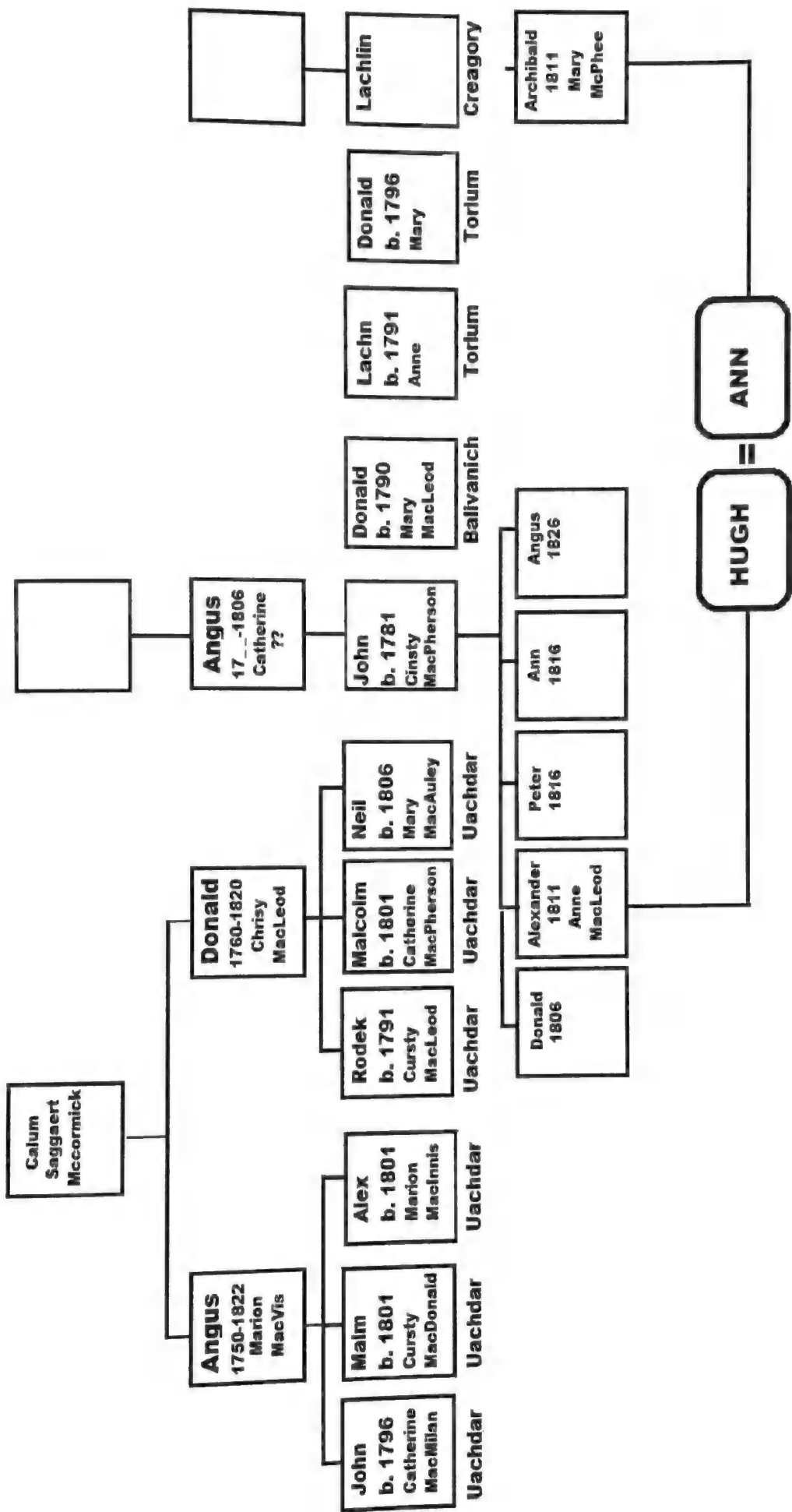
There were also McCormick's on the island of South Uist and a few on North Uist.

*** Archibald and Mary are the parents of Ann McCormick the mother of A.B. McCormick (Grandpa Mac). According to the Register of Immigrants from the Western Isles of Scotland 1750-1900, Archie McCormick 1811-1895 is the son of Lachlin, from Creagory. Mary 1814-1898 is the daughter of Archie MacPhee from Hestimul.*

Archibald and Alexander were born in 1811 and 1814. Thus their fathers were of the same generation. Whether they share a common grandfather (not likely), or great grandfather is not known. However, given the fact that the island of Benbecula is not large and the number of McCormick families that can be found in the 1841 census is pretty small; It would be reasonable to assume they were all related in some way; having a common ancestor who probably arrived at some point in the 17th century.



HEADS OF FAMILIES ON BENBECULA PER 1841 CENSUS



THE FAMILY OF JOHN McCORMICK

I developed the following information about John McCormick and his family using the 1841 census data, the research of my uncle John McCormick, along with information provided by Angus MacMillan who had access to the death certificate of John's wife, Kristy (Cinsty) McCormick.

John McCormick Born about 1780 - Died after 1841 and before 1847 (Son of Angus McCormick)

Spouse = Kristy (Cinsty) MacPherson; Born about 1780 - Died March 15, 1855; Daughter of Donald MacPherson and Mary MacDonald of Balivanich

I Donald born about 1806 -

Spouse = 1840 Mary MacDonald; daughter of Donald MacDonald 'Gruder' 14 Lionacleit. Family immigrated to East Williams Twp. Middlesex County, Ontario:

II Alexander Born about 1814 - Died June 28, 1883; Parkhill, Ontario

Spouse²⁸ = 1842 Ann MacLeod; Born about 1826 - Died 1849; Daughter of Murdo MacLeod and Catherine.

In 1994, John and Mary McCormick spent several days in the "Historical Research Room" at the Scottish Records Office in Edinburgh and were able to access the baptismal records of Alexander and Anne's children. In his personal memoirs he lists the birthdates of Hugh as September 7, 1844. Christina's birth date is April 13, 1843 and the third child, John, is listed as September 28, 1847.

Alexander & family emigrated to Williams Township, Ontario in 1849; According to Angus MacMillan, Anne died at sea in route to Canada (1849).

Spouse = (2) in Canada, Mary Cameron

Children: Anna b. 1852 d. 1936; Mary Anne b. 1854 d. 1924; Donald b. 1861 d. 1945; Kate b. 1863 d. ??

III Peter Born about 1816- Died May 3, 1889

Spouse = April 2, 1844 (1) Flora MacMillan Daughter of Alexander MacMillan and Catherine Morrison, 6 Balivanich; The family emigrated to Williams Township, Ontario in 1848 taking John born August 17, 1845 but leaving a son Alexander born June 24, 1847 with Flora's brother Malcolm MacMillan, merchant in Balivanich, Flora dying at sea on the journey; Spouse = (2) in Canada, Chirsty ??

²⁸ Lawson, Bill, Index of the Marriages in the Parish of South Uist Inverness shire 1820-55

Children: Effie b. 1850; Flora b 1854; Kirsty b. 1857; Catherine b. 1859
- d. 1892

Alexander, Donald and Peter along with their sister Ann and her husband all immigrated to Canada and settled in Williams Township, leaving their youngest brother on the island with their mother. Thus it is certain that Hugh McCormick grew up in the Bornish settlement among aunts, uncles and cousins from the Isles.

IV Ann Born about 1816- Died 1853 West Williams Township, Ontario
Spouse = 1840 Angus MacDonald 1815-1891; Ann immigrated to Williams Township along with her husband and family. She had 3 children born in Scotland: Ranald, John C., and Mary Ann. A fourth child Kirsty was born in Ontario.

V Angus 1825-1825

VI Mary 1825-1825

Per Angus MacMillan "On their mother's death certificate, the twins were shown as born and dying in 1825 but all the other dates provided by the family suggest this could should have been two or three years earlier, which might also bring forward the date of birth of the younger Angus."

VII Angus Born about 1826 - Died 1884 at Wapella, Saskatchewan
Spouse = (1) 1846 Chirsty MacDonald (1824- 1857) Daughter of Donald MacDonald, Torlum. Children Ann, born 1848 and Mary, born 1852.
Spouse = (2) Marion MacDonald (1824 - 1904) Daughter of Donald MacDonald, Eilean Flodday. Children: Donald born 1859, John born 1861, Peter born 1864 and Kirsty born 1868.

Angus is identified as a Crofter by 1851 after father's death. Per Angus MacMillan, he was removed to 6 Gramsdale in 1879, and left for Canada from there, emigrating to Wapella, Saskatchewan in 1883.

ANGUS McCORMICK

(The Father of John McCormick)

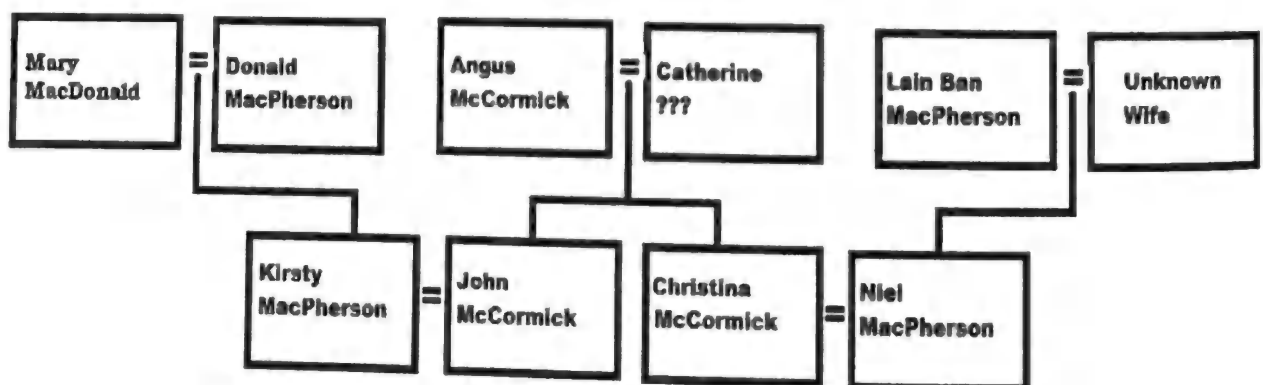
I haven't been able to discover much about Angus McCormick other than the fact that according to Angus MacMillan, he is the father of John McCormick. I don't know how MacMillan knew this, and since he has passed away, I will never know. I assume that he had access to information or a document that verified it. However, while his origin remains a mystery, there is a possible lineage which I tend to favor, and is worth exploring.

The following was shared with me by MacMillan. I assume the information is from rent records.

"There was an Angus McCormick who was a tenant in Balivanich in 1803. He and his wife Catherine had a daughter, Christina, who was born in 1790 and married Niel MacPherson son of Lain Ban MacPherson. At some point after 1803 Angus moved to Lionacleit, and was there until 1806 where he apparently died by 1807."

I believe that this Angus McCormick is the father of John McCormick and the grandfather of Alexander McCormick.

I tend to favor this viewpoint because John McCormick married a native of Balivanich Cinsty (Kirsty) MacPherson. She was the daughter of Donald MacPherson. Angus has suggested that Donald MacPherson was more than likely the brother of Lain Ban MacPherson, the father-in-law of Christina McCormick. Thus it would seem that John McCormick and his sister Christina married MacPherson cousins. It also may be that they are siblings of Donald McCormick, born about 1896, and a resident of Balivanich per the 1841 census.



The use of the words "tenant in Balivanich" is interesting because it could be interpreted that Angus became a tenant farmer at some point after the end of the clan system and the elimination of the tacksmen. However, since there apparently are no rent records that list an Angus McCormick as a land holder, I tend to think that "tenant farmer" is more appropriately interpreted to be a cottar (servant worker)

living on the township farm at Balivanich. Either way, he must have been forced to move to Lionacleit in 1803. I suspect that it was because the township at Balivanich was converted into crofts by lot, and he did not receive one.

Based on the fact that John was born around 1780, and Christina in 1790 it is highly probable that Angus McCormick was born somewhere around 1750. Thus, he was directly affected by, and a witness to, the great social changes brought about by the elimination of the clan social order in the Isles and Highlands.

Unlike his father, Angus could expect to live into his forty's. More of his generation would live beyond infancy than ever before. He was a Catholic but practiced a faith that was a mixture of superstition and doctrine. He did not attend school since "the people did not take kindly to education being suspicious of its results".²⁹ They argued that their children would leave them if they were educated. He would see the integration of the potato into the peasant diet, and it soon replaced oats as the staple food of the people.

He also would have witnessed the end of the traditional joint-farm, and the run-rig form of agriculture, and the emergence of the single-tenant farmer, a system that was in many ways more severe than the clan system. By the end of the century he would see the single tenant farmer replaced by the division of the traditional township farms into multiple single family holdings called crofts.

During his lifetime Scotland experienced great economic growth, and became one of Western Europe's most urban societies. "It [the economic transformation] altered the Scottish people's farming, their trade and their manufactures, their patterns of business and their employment. It dramatically increased the national wealth, as well as redistributed it between different groups."³⁰

Linen became one of Scotland's greatest exports, and Glasgow merchants were making fortunes importing tobacco. By the second half of his life, industrialization was widespread. It brought about an expanding and more diverse middle class - "entrepreneurs, employers, minor professionals, and others whose income did not depend on their own manual labor."³¹

By 1780, the year that John McCormick was born, it was widely accepted throughout Britain, Europe and North America that Scotland was home to many of the acknowledged leaders in science, philosophy, scholarship, and the arts. **Unfortunately, it is very likely that Angus and most of the**

²⁹ History of the Outer Hebrides, Mackenzie, Pg. 531.

³⁰ Allan, Pg. 81.

³¹ Allan, Pg. 112.

residents of Benbecula were in the dark when it came to the Scottish Enlightenment.

From Farm Laborer To Kelper

Angus McCormick was born and raised in a cultural environment of turmoil and distress, and political change brought about by the collapse of the clan society. With the role as a military force no longer needed, "the need for money and more money, swept away the lairds' (i.e. owners') picture of themselves as father of their people, custodians of the clan."³² Already an absentee landlord, Macdonald of Clanranald began to aggressively seek new ways to increase the profitability of his holdings. He would find a pot of gold in kelp.

As the need for commercial profitability became the dominant influence on estate management, Highland chiefs or landlords, as they now were, fell into an easy and inevitable alliance with the commercial and industrial capitalism of the south: easy because southern society enabled them to gratify their aristocratic tastes and aspirations; inevitable, because in the south were to be found rapidly expanding markets for their produce... In the second half of the eighteenth century, therefore, the old semi-independence of the Highland economy was transformed into an essentially neo-colonial subordination to the requirements of the developing industries of England and Lowland Scotland. At first, black cattle, the Highlands' traditional export, continued to be virtually the only saleable product of Highland estates. In the 50 years after 1760, however, the place of cattle was more and more challenged by two new commodities: wool and kelp.³³

For Angus and the other residents of Benbecula, the new economy brought about a significant change in their relationship to the Chief. Tradition and customary right had provided them "a little grazing for a cow on the township pasture, a kale-yard and potato-patch by his round-stone hut,"³⁴ in return for a lifetime of service on the township farm. Under the new economy they became at will, paid laborers, and now required to pay rent for their meager plots of land.

The Kelp Economy

There is little doubt that Angus McCormick was a kelper. Like virtually all the people on the island, he would have been required to produce kelp in order to earn enough to pay rent for his patch of land.

Kelp refers to the alkaline ash which is extracted from seaweed, and used in the making of glass and soap. The manufacturing process was

³² Prebble, page 16.

³³ Hunter, Pg. 44.

³⁴ Prebble, Pg. 15

introduced to the outer isles in the 1840' s, and in twenty years it was firmly established as the chief revenue source for the landowners.

The process involved cutting seaweed from the rocks when the tide was out, and getting it to shore where it was carried in special baskets or hauled by ponies to a safe spot above the high water mark. There, it was spread out to dry for several days. Once dried it was burned in a kiln. The kiln was in effect a long trench about two feet deep with a turf floor and walls lined with stones. From the moment it was ignited with burning straw or heather, the kiln needed constant attention and gradual but constant feeding.

The seaweed burners worked lengthy shifts of 16 hours to oversee the process, and insure that the ware did not burn too quickly. Once a sufficient quantity had burned, the kelpers stirred the molten mass with long wooden poles until it had fused to a hot and pasty mess. It was then protected from the weather, and allowed to cool into the brittle, multi-colored substance known as kelp. At most, in one season, the kelper and his family could produce four tons, for which they earned about 2 Pounds per ton.

The kelping season began in April or May and continued into August - right on top of the planting and growing seasons. Consequently, time for farming their plots was severely limited almost insuring that they would not be able to raise enough produce to sustain their family for the year.

The kelpers lived in stone-reinforced pits about 5 feet deep and 6 feet wide that they burrowed in the sand. Their conditions were so severe, that a visitor to the island observed that the life of a kelper was worse than that of a slave in the America South.

John Buchanan, a minister of the Church of Scotland, who resided on the islands of Lewis and Harris from 1782 to 1791, provides a vivid description of the kelper's life.

"This is the hardest labour which the people have throughout the year, and at the time they are worst fed; because their own potatoes or little grain are by this time mostly consumed. The oatmeal ... is very sparingly dealt among the people, that, if possible, they may not eat more of it than the price given them for making each turn of kelp can afford: and thus, instead of paying part of their rents with their summer labour, they may sink deeper into their master's debt. . . . The nature of their work requires their attendance by night and by day, frequently in some of the remote little isles, where even the slender assistance of their poor families cannot reach them with periwinkles or any kind of shell fish. Such poor men as these can hardly afford to keep a milch (milk) cow: some of them have two ewes, bound together by a rope called caiggean chaorich, to give a little milk for the poor starved children at home; but of

this luxury the father of the family cannot then partake; and they are frequently obliged to kill these milch (milk) ewes for their food when their families are at the point of starving."

They Owed Their Soul To The Company Store

The American folk song Sixteen Tons is about a coal miner's lament that he owed his soul to the company store. It is a commentary on the fact that coal miners were not paid cash for their work; instead they received credit vouchers which were only good for use at the company store. It could just as easily describe the life of Angus McCormick, his children, and all the residents of Benbecula.

*You load sixteen tons, what do you get?
Another day older and deeper in debt.
Saint Peter don' t call me cause I can' t go.
I owe my soul to the company store.*

The landowners controlled all aspects of the kelping industry. They seized control by establishing legal rights to the seaweed thus preventing entrepreneurial efforts by individuals. They also controlled all phases of its production and marketing from the cutting of the ware to the unloading of finished kelp on Liverpool and Glasgow waterfronts. Hunter summarizes the subservient relationship between the land owner and his tenants as follows: (Bold emphasis mine.)

That landlords were able to reduce their kelper's share of the proceeds to such an abysmally low level was the consequence of a well devised and cruelly efficient system of exploitation which turned on the fact the kelper's connection with the land was deliberately maintained by his employer who was also his landlord. **Because the kelper remained an agricultural tenant who lived on the land and who continued to raise cattle and grow crops on that land,** his landlord was able to draw on the kelper's labour during the kelping season while leaving him to his own - unpaid - devices for the rest of the year. And as the provider of the land without which the kelper could not survive, the landlord was able to establish a degree of control over his workforce which was quite unmatched by even the most tyrannical factory owner. The first step was to raise rents to a level which, as a Benbecula crofter put it, was quite unrelated to the land's 'intrinsic value'. Unable to pay such rents from the proceeds of their agricultural production alone, tenants were forced into kelping in order to earn the necessary cash. The proprietor consequently recovered a considerable part of his kelping wage-bill in the guise of a land rental; and since he both controlled the industry's raw material and was the sole buyer of the kelp produced on his estate, the landlord was able to direct his tenant to work where and when he liked, and to fix their wages

at the level he found most convenient. This level, inevitably, was as low as was consistent with the kelping population's survival.³⁵

In 1720 kelp ash sold for about 2 Pounds per ton. From 1740-1760, spurred by the rise of a merchant class in the south, it was sold at seven to eight Pounds per ton. By 1800 it had risen to 18 to 22 Pounds per ton almost all of which went to the landlord.

Because seaweed is mostly water, a ton would typically produce about 10kg of kelp. It has been estimated that by 1800 Scotland was producing 12,000 tons of kelp. To produce 12,000 tons of kelp would require 120,000 tons of seaweed. "The enormous revenues thus gained by the region's landowners were secured, in the last analysis, by a labor force consisting of as many as 10,000 families whose members - men, women and children alike - cut, gathered, dried, and incinerated the seaweed".³⁶

Robert Brown, an agent for Clanranald, whose stated purpose was to stop emigration from the islands in order to maintain the large labor force necessary to produce large amounts of kelp, acknowledged the miserable life of a kelper. Arguing against the seasonal migration of workers, he admitted that it was a "dirty and disagreeable employment which must, if the present race of people were to leave the country, be given up altogether."³⁷

Without a doubt, Angus McCormick was one of the 10,000 families who found themselves trapped. They owed their soul to the company store.

Cottar To Crofter

Toward the end of his life Angus would see the end of the traditional township farm, with the subdividing of the land into small holdings (crofts) held by a single tenant.

In the years around 1800, more and more landlords began drastically to reorganize their estates. Old tenures were ended and the scattered strips, or rigs, of arable land which were the basis of the joint farming economy were dived into separate holding, or crofts, each occupied by a single tenant, or crofter.³⁸

The crofting system was developed to accommodate the kelp industry, for "in their eagerness to accumulate more money the landowners turned to crofting in order to create room for as many tenants as possible in order to

³⁵ Hunter, pg. 51.

³⁶ The Kelp Trade, Dr. V.J. Chapman, Nature, No3944, June 2, 1945, p 673.

³⁷ Hunter, Pg. 60 The quote is attributed to Robert Brown an agent for Clanranald whose stated purpose was to stop emigration from the islands in order to maintain the large labor force necessary to produce large amounts of kelp

³⁸ Hunter, Pg. 53

keep up production and keep down wages." ³⁹ Crofts were awarded by lot and it would appear that the subdividing may have been the reason Angus moved from Balivanich to Linocleat in 1803.

At the time of his birth, Benbecula had a population of about six hundred. ⁴⁰ Over the course of his lifetime, it would more than quadruple in order to satisfy the demands of the kelping industry. It is likely that he died shortly after the turn of the century approaching the age of fifty.

The Staff of Life

In reality, the land owner's scheme to create a workforce by expanding the population would not have worked without the potato.

Clanranald (Macdonald of Boisdale) introduced the potato to South Uist from Ireland in 1743. It is generally accepted that at first, the people would have none of the new root, which they regarded with disgust and contempt. "You made us plant those worthless things," they said to Clanranald, "but, Virgin Mary, will you make us eat them!" ⁴¹ However, the potato's tolerance of sandy, lime deficient soil, and its positive response to seaweed manure eventually brought about widespread acceptance throughout the Highlands and Islands. In fact, it proved to be a staff of life for the growing population needed to manufacture kelp and, by the 1800's potatoes had become the chief crop across the Highlands. By 1811 (the year that John arrived at Uachdar) potatoes were providing the typical family with four-fifths of their food.

Indeed there are many, it is feared, much in the predicament of a little boy of the parish, who, on being asked, on a certain occasion, of what his three daily meals consisted, gave the same unvarying answer, "Mashed potatoes". And on being further asked by his too inquisitive inquirer, "What else?" he replied with great artlessness, but with evident surprise, "A spoon!" ⁴²

³⁹ Hunter, Pg. 60

⁴⁰ History of the Outer Isles, Mackenzie, pg. 554.

⁴¹ Mackenzie, W.C., History of the Outer Hebrides (Lewis, Harris, North and South Uist, Benbecula and Barra), LONDON SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO. 1903, pg. 547.

⁴² Hunter Pg. 90. The quote is attributed to the minister of Morvern.

JOHN McCORMICK

John and Kristy (Cinsty) McCormick raised their family in the township of Uachdar on the island of Benbecula in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland. Their children grew up in a place and time, and like all of us, they were impacted by the events that surrounded them in their formative years. Alexander certainly would have carried with him to Canada, the family traditions and stories that reflected the culture and times in which he lived including those associated with the destruction of the clan society.

The author of the Bornish Centennial booklet provides the following perspective:

They (the immigrants to Bornish) were made up of clan who adhered to the feudal system of loyalty to one chief. Some of these clans became quite powerful. From Sir Walter Scott's "History of Scotland," we quote from Book I, page 115: "Such were the Lords of the Isles called MacDonald to whom the Hebrides Islands belonged. They made alliances with the English in their own name and took the part of Robert Bruce in his wars and joined him with their forces." For centuries, the succeeding generations were obliged to be on the defensive against the forces of nature and against human oppression. Many of the more venturesome left their island homes to engage in various wars on the continent where some of them gained distinction.

Unfortunately, the writer is not talking about the vast majority of the people from the Isles.

John McCormick, born in the last quarter of the eighteenth century certainly grew up the son of a kelper, and would have become a laborer as a boy. The following description could easily have been of John and his father:

If one figures to himself a man, and one or more of his children, engaged from morning to night in cutting, drying, and otherwise preparing the sea weeds, at a distance of many miles from his home, or in a remote island; often for hours together wet to his knees and elbows; living upon oatmeal and water with occasionally fish, limpets, and crabs; sleeping on the damp floor of a wretched hut; and with no other fuel than twigs or heath; he will perceive that this manufacture is none of the most agreeable.⁴³

We know that Macdonald of Clanranald began to subdivide the township farms on Benbecula shortly after the beginning of the nineteenth century. Crofts were awarded by lot, and as I stated above, I believe that John's

father was forced to move to Linocleat in 1803 as a result of the subdivision process. In short, I believe that he was a cottar living on the township farm at Balivanich, and being unsuccessful in gaining a croft, was forced to move. It is likely that John was living with his mother and father at Balivanich. (I am assuming that his mother was alive. I have no information regarding her name or life span.) He would have been about 20 years old. He also may have already been married to Chirsty MacPherson. The failure to obtain a croft may have been the stimulus for John to move to Grimsay seeking work and taking advantage of opportunities as they arose. According to the 1841 census their first child (Donald) was born in 1806.

The following is from personal correspondence from Angus Macmillan in January 2012 in which he discusses the transformation of Benbecula from the traditional township farm to its subdivision into individual crofts.

1818 is usually given as the date by which lotting off (a random drawing) into separate crofts was carried out in Benbecula. In fact, this was the end date of what had been a gradual process, the year in which Torlum & Grinish were lotted off. The lotting off had two characteristics. One was that crofts were intentionally only half the size that would support a family so that kelping was vital in order to pay the rent and buy in extra meal for the winter. The other was that the former nucleated settlements from which the inhabitants could head out to whichever plots of land they currently held, were progressively replaced by an Australian or Canadian landscape, with a croft house in each croft.

We have rent rolls from 1797 and, if ever Uachdar was a club farm (i.e. run by a tacksman), it had ceased to be by then. There is no sign in the Clanranald chest of a contract with a tacksman. Pilot schemes often saw the farm let jointly to the small tenants before the lands were lotted off, so I am not sure when Uachdar was divided into crofts but I would surmise it was about 1811-1812. 1812 was exactly when John first appeared in the rolls, presumably the moment they crossed the North Ford to Cnocnampeleir. It was undoubtedly that window of opportunity that encouraged the move.⁴⁴

The introduction of crofts made land available to tenants "on terms which were, in some respects, far less restrictive than any he or his predecessors had known."⁴⁵ The crofter was the sole tenant of his croft and not subject to the restraints of joint tenancy. In addition higher cattle prices brought on by Britain's war with Napoleon in 1803 and with the United States in 1812, and opportunities to work as a laborer on canal and road construction projects would have made it fairly easy for the crofter to have some money in his pocket.

⁴⁴ Angus Macmillan correspondence to Jim McCormick, January 19, 2012.

⁴⁵ Hunter, Pg. 68.

As the occupant of a croft, John must have felt that he was significantly better off than his father. Nevertheless, he was an at-will tenant, and could be removed for any reason. And like his father, he owed his soul to the company store.

Rents Were Raised To A Level Which Was Quite Unrelated To The Land's 'Intrinsic Value

"The Land Of Our Ancestors Stolen Away From Us"⁴⁶

The revenue derived by the proprietors of the Long Island from kelp, during its palmy days, was considerable. In 1812, the net proceeds of kelp in North Uist exceeded 14,000, and for several years afterwards, they fell little short of that sum. By 1837, the profits had dwindled to an insignificant amount... When the bubble burst, ruin stared proprietors and people alike in the face. ...The chief source of revenue was now gone. An increased population had been stimulated by the increased standard of comfort in the islands; the prosperous times were now over. Emigration had been discouraged to provide a sufficiency of labour the supply of labour now exceeded the demand. The wages of the kelpers had been over four pounds a ton; were now reduced by more than half. Agriculture and the fisheries had been neglected in the feverish haste to turn kelp into money, and the fish had been scared away from the coast; an insufficiency of food was now threatened, and the people had to live chiefly on shellfish.⁴⁷

With the collapse of the kelp market, the people were unable to pay their rents, and extreme poverty once again became the norm. Landowners reacted with a new impetus on agriculture and fishing. However, the reality that crofts were not of sufficient size to support a family let alone generate profit for the landlord could not be avoided. As a result, immigration, once discouraged, became widely favored as a means of reestablishing rent as a source of income for the landowner. Consequently, by 1848, the problem of disposing of a surplus population became a driving force for change throughout the islands, and the encouragement of immigration was soon replaced with forced relocation.

While catastrophic, the collapse of the kelp market was probably not the most significant event in the life of John McCormick. That would be reserved for the potato famine.

The Highland Potato Famine was caused by potato blight that struck throughout Scotland and Ireland in the 1840's. In 1846, the potato crop

⁴⁶ From a speech made at the Lochcarron School Hall in 1886.

⁴⁷ A History of the Outer Isles, Mackenzie, pg. 551.

totally failed. The following year, the harvest completely failed again, and "corn was still green when snow first fell in October."⁴⁸ The fall of 1847 was wet and windy and a government relief program was organized, supervised by Sir Edward Coffin who used naval vessels to distribute oatmeal and other supplies to the starving people. As a result of continued crop failures, relief programs became a more or less permanent need throughout Western Scotland well into the next decade.⁴⁹

For the inhabitants of Benbecula and South Uist the impact of the famine was particularly cruel. Their absentee land owner, Gordon of Cluny, refused to acknowledge the devastation confronting his tenants. (Some landlords worked to lessen the effects of the famine on their tenants by purchasing and distributing grain, but Gordon was identified by government officials as among the most negligent causing him to become the target of criticism in Scottish newspapers.)⁵⁰

For Gordon, the poverty of the tenants was the will of God and therefore he did not have a legal or moral obligation to intervene. James Hunter in his *Making of the Crofting Community* describes the condition of Gordon's tenants using the words of Norman McLeod who visited the Outer Isles in August, 1847:

The scene of wretchedness which we witnessed as we entered on the estate of Col. Gordon was deplorable, nay heart-rending. On the beach the whole population of the country seemed to be met, gathering the precious cockles...I never witnessed such countenances - starvation on many faces - the children with their melancholy looks, big-looking knees, shriveled legs, hollow eyes, swollen-like bellies - God help them, I never did witness such wretchedness!

It is very likely that the McCormick's were among those observed and being described by McLeod.

While I do not know for sure, it is very possible that the famine was the cause of John's death. And, it can be taken for granted that the potato famine more than anything else created the final straw that forced Alexander and his siblings to leave their homeland. Thus, he was among the victims of the massive effort to remove a "redundant population" no longer needed for kelp production.

⁴⁸ Hunter, Pg. 112

⁴⁹ The Highland food crisis was in fact, part of a larger catastrophe that included the Great Famine of Ireland, and both were part of a wider food disaster striking northern Europe. The crisis brought about widespread starvation throughout the Hebrides and western Scotland, causing 1.7 million people to depart during the years 1846-52.

⁵⁰ Highland Potato Famine (1846-1857), in *Absolute Astronomy*, absoluteastronomy.com/topics/Highland_Potato_Famine

The Problem Of Disposing Of A Surplus Population

The wholesale removal of the Scottish people from the land in order to make room for sheep farms, or as was the case on the island of Benbecula, to address the problems of over-population is summarily referred to in writings as "The Clearances". For some writers it is seen as a "nearly successful attempt at genocide against the Gaelic people."⁵¹ Others see a great deal of similarity between the treatment of the Gaelic speaking Scots of the North and the Indian tribes of North America. (Both were viewed as an aboriginal fringe of the British nation needing "civilization".)⁵² Other writers see it as no more than a "titanic conflict between the forces of peasant traditionalism and agrarian rationalism."⁵³ For the landlords, clearing the people from the land was simply seen, and referred to as "improvements"; the steps necessary to increase rental income.

Unlike the situation on the neighboring island of South Uist, there is no evidence that the people on Benbecula were disposed in order to make room for large farms and sheep runs. Nor is there any evidence of people being banished because of their religious faith.

Despite the folk and literary memory that associates the island with comprehensive clearance activity that took place in the Highlands and Islands in the period, some of it close to home and within the same Estate ownership in South Uist, there is little evidence of forcible clearance in Benbecula. Not a single sheep farm was fenced off, leading to eviction of small tenants.⁵⁴

Robert Brown the Factor (i.e. business agent) for the Clanranald estate at the beginning of the nineteenth century is credited with developing the proposals that became law as the Passenger Vessels Act in 1803. The effect of the law was to raise the standards required of emigrant ships effectively raising the price beyond the reach of most of the population.

Under Brown's tenure kelp production on the island doubled and rent increased 700%. When the price of kelp collapsed in 1826, Duncan Shaw, the

⁵¹ Blamires, Steve, The Highland Clearances- An Introduction, from Clannada na Gadelica website, 2 Sept 2009, www.clannada.or/highland.php

⁵² See Calloway, Colin G., White People, Indians, and Highlanders.

⁵³ Devine, Tom, The Highland Clearances, ReFresh a publication of the Economic History Society, Spring 1987.

⁵⁴ MacFarlane, Donald, The Sea is Wide – New Celts from Old Horizons, Benbecula, July 23, 2011

⁵⁵ Sheets, John and MacMillan, Angus "A Hole in the Fence", The Sea Is Wide, New Celts From Old Horizons, Dr. Donald McFarlane, editor, e-book published July 23, 2011, smashwords.com, pg. 55.

new Factor proposed that three thousand people be cleared from the land. "In 1827, he said: 'I think two thousand would be sufficient.' But neither the Estate nor crofters could afford the costs of emigration so Benbecula, where the best kelp was still being obtained, was left undisturbed." ⁵⁵

ALEXANDER McCORMICK

The Son Of A Crofter

Alexander McCormick was born shortly before the arrival of his father at Cnocnampelleir. There is no doubt that he and his siblings would have worked in the kelping industry. After all, it was the only means the family had to raise the necessary funds to pay the rent. It is probable that he and his family continued their labor until the total collapse of the kelp industry in 1841.

According to the Bornish Centennial booklet, Alexander was a tailor (i.e. a person who made or repaired clothing). While there is no other information to validate the information, it is entirely possible that he learned the trade while a young man as a supplement to the family income. In addition the additional source of funds may have been the nest egg that permitted emigration, rather than a move to the slums of Glasgow as large numbers of Highlanders were forced to do.

In 1842, Alexander married Anne MacLeod.⁵⁶ She was sixteen from the township of Balivanich. He is twenty-nine. Their first child Christina is born April 13, 1843. Hugh is born on September 7, 1844 and their third child John is born on September 28, 1847. Alexander is also listed in the baptismal records as being a crofter. This could mean that somewhere between 1841 when he is identified as a member of his father's household and 1843 he obtained a croft.

While he may have had his own croft, I tend to believe that after his marriage he built his own hut on his father's land, and that he was a crofter in the sense he worked on a croft. Such a practice was fairly common on Benbecula. According to MacMillan, his father's croft eventually was passed on to the youngest son Angus after the death of Kristy McCormick.

Having acquired Benbecula at an auction in an Edinburgh coffee shop, Colonel Gordon's advice from his surveyor was to drain and make other substantial improvements so that 'when these and other necessary improvements are completed a great number of the population should be made to emigrate.' There was a general tightening up so that holdings were no longer to be shared as had previously been the case, often between fathers and sons. Successive Factors saw such sharing as a cause of poverty and of consequential rent arrears, so some pressure was exerted to eliminate division of the crofts. Formal written leases for all tenants were introduced in

⁵⁶ Lawson, Bill, Index of the Marriages in the Parish of South Uist Inverness shire 1820-55.

1856, including a clause which forbade sharing, on pain of withdrawal of the lease.⁵⁷

There is no doubt that the collapse of the kelping industry and the impact of the potato famine created a condition "as a Torlum crofter put it to the Napier Commission years later: 'It had become impossible for us to live where we were'."⁵⁸ But it may be that the implementation of new policies regarding the sharing of a croft between a father and his sons was the ultimate force that caused Alexander and his siblings to leave.

Leaving The Homeland

On August 23, 1849 Alexander said good-bye to his mother and left his homeland, never to return.⁵⁹ With his wife Anne and their three children he boarded a ship destined for Canada; one of many expatriated as part of the land owner's desire to lessen the problems presented by over-population.

The family's migration is documented by Bill Lawson in his Register of Immigrants from the Western Isles of Scotland 1750-1900. According to Lawson, "Alexander MacCormick⁶⁰ and family emigrated from Uachdar in 1849 and settled in Williams Township, Middlesex County."⁶¹

The McCormick's did not leave on a passenger ship. Instead, their means for escaping the homeland was a cargo sail ship used to carry lumber from Canada to Great Britain. It was the timber that was the profitable cargo for the ship owners, the immigrants were simply return freight. The 4-6 week trip would be spent mostly in the cramped steerage quarters with occasional respite on deck in fair weather.

We can gain an idea of the general conditions that Alexander and his family would have encountered aboard an emigrant ship from a graphic description provided by John Prebble in his "Highland Clearances". Quoting an 1854 account published by "The Times" newspaper. He writes:

⁵⁷ MacFarlane, Donald, *The Sea is Wide – New Celts from Old Horizons*, Benbecula, July 23, 2011

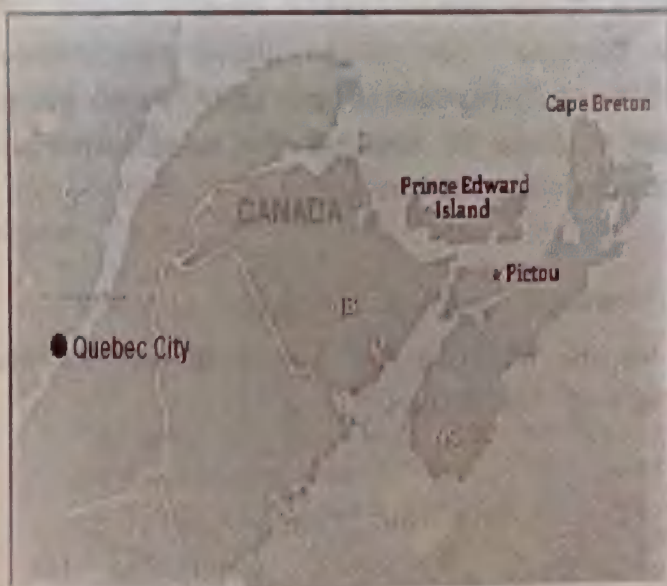
⁵⁸ Sheets, John and MacMillan, Angus "A Hole in the Fence", *The Sea Is Wide*, New Celts From Old Horizons, Dr. Donald McFarlane, editor, e-book published July 23, 2011, smashwords.com, pg. 55.

⁵⁹ The date is from *The History of Bornish Parish*, A booklet prepared to commemorate the Bornish Centennial 1849-1949. The author is unknown. The booklet was given to me by Miss Tillie McCormick after I visited Parkhill, Ontario in the 1979's.

⁶⁰ McCormick is spelled in a variety of ways in the various documents I have seen. The use of Mac seems to have been predominant on the island.

⁶¹ Lawson, Bill, Register of Immigrants from the Western Isles of Scotland 1750-1900, Volume 2 Isles of South Uist and Benbecula Part 2 1840-1900. (Bill Lawson Publications), pg. 37.

The emigrant is shewn a berth, a shelf of coarse pinewood in a noisome dungeon, airless and lightless, in which several hundred persons of both sexes and all ages are stowed away, on shelves two feet one inch above each other, three feet wide and six feet long, still reeking from the ineradicable stench left by the emigrants on the last voyage... Still he believes that the plank is his own, and only finds when the anchor is up that he must share his six feet three with a bedfellow. He finds that cleanliness is impossible, that no attempt is made to purify the reeking den into which he has been thrust, and that the thirty days voyage he has been promised will not, from the rottenness of the rigging and the unsoundness of the hull, be completed in less than sixty. He is lucky if the provision correspond to a sample, if the water can be served out according to contract, or if he can prevail upon the cooks, selected from among the emigrants, to dress his meals in such shape that he can eat them without mortal loathing... After a few days have been spent in the pestilential atmosphere created by the festering mass of squalid humanity imprisoned between the damp and steaming decks, the scourge bursts out, and the miseries of filth, foul air and darkness is added the Cholera. Amid hundreds of men, women and children, dressing and undressing, washing, quarrelling, fighting, cooking and drinking, one hears the groans and screams of a patient in the last agonies of this plague.⁶²



Three ships, the Admiral, the Tuscar and the Mount Stuart⁶³ left that fall carrying passengers from North Uist, Benbecula and South Uist. Unable to read or write, and certainly limited in their English speaking skills, Alexander undoubtedly hoped to somehow follow the path of those who had left before him, and find his way to one of the Scottish settlements on Prince Edward Island and primarily,

Cape Breton in Canada. However that was not to be.

That Prince Edward Island was the hoped for destination is based upon the fact that Anne's parents Murdoch and

⁶² John Prebble, The Highland Clearances, Penguin Books, 1969, Pg. 197

⁶³ According to theclearances.org website, tradition suggests that three ships, the Tuskar, the Atlantic, and the Mountstuart-Elphinstone left Lochboisdale bringing Protestants from North Uist and a largely Catholic contingent from South Uist and Benbecula. They arrived in Quebec at the end of August 1849.

Catherine McLeod [My Great-great-great Grandparents], along with some of her siblings, left Benbecula in 1848 with the hope of a new life on Prince Edward Island. There is some reason to believe that Murdoch was following a son (Allen) who left prior to 1848. This is an element of our family story needing further research for it may provide the link to Cape Breton.

What the 1849 passengers did not know is that by 1845 the accessible timber in Nova Scotia had been worked out, and the ships that would previously have called at Pictou, the gateway to Nova Scotia, now continued west and then south on the St. Lawrence river to Quebec and the timber from Upper Canada. Once they found themselves in Quebec, the immigrants having no money and no recognized means to take them back to Prince Edward Island had no real choice but to move onward. So they continued on as a group, following established routes south on the St. Lawrence River some ending up in Grey County, and others in Middlesex County, Ontario, Canada.

While Alexander did not make it to Cape Breton, it is interesting to note that my father was of the belief that Cape Breton was very much a part of our family's past. In fact, I think it was generally believed that the family had first stopped at Cape Breton before moving to Ontario. It is very possible and in fact likely that some family members did in fact migrate to Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. As stated above we do know that Anne's parent left in June 1848. Unfortunately, they were passengers aboard the ship Lulan, and became victims of one of the most notorious and tragic events associated with Scottish migration.

The Voyage Of The Lulan

The following is based on an Article by Angus Macmillan who did considerable research on the voyage of the Lulan.⁶⁴

It is known with a degree of certainty that twenty-four families (all but one from the island of Benbecula) comprising 117 individuals left the island in June 1848 with the understanding they would be given free passage to Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island. They crossed to the mainland by steamer, the timing of their arrival to facilitate prompt transfer to their ship just before it sailed. However, the ship that had been booked was destined for Boston rather than the Atlantic Provinces of Canada. Just before departure, the mistake was discovered by a Highlander who understood a little English. As a result the passengers were removed from the ship and left in Glasgow to fend for themselves.

⁶⁴ MacMillan, Angus "The Lulan Voyage", The Sea Is Wide, New Celts From Old Horizons, Dr. Donald McFarlane, editor, e-book published July 23, 2011, smashwords.com, pg. 132.

It is generally agreed that six weeks or more elapsed after the aborted voyage before an alternative passage could be arranged. Apparently the group was in such a destitute condition that they attracted the attention of the Glasgow newspaper and local authorities. The following is from a web post by Joseph Macdonald from Nova Scotia in which he quotes from a statement given to the Nova Scotia Historical Society on January 9, 1948 by Mrs. R.G. Flewwelling:

... "Since no arrangements had been made for their shipment, they were obliged to find shelter where they best could." To quote the GLASGOW CITIZEN: ... "while some got tolerably well housed, a large number, including women and children, several of the latter being ill with whooping cough and measles, were obliged, for want of funds, to bivouac under the sheds of the Broomielaw. This homeless group attracted the notice of the authorities, and one portion was sheltered and fed in the Anderston Police Office and the other in the Night Asylum".⁶⁵

In August arrangements were negotiated with owner and master of the ship Lulan to transport the immigrants to Pictou, Canada.

The combination of six or more weeks staying in Glasgow with inadequate food and shelter, and the fact that the subsequent arrangement for transportation with the owners of the Lulan did not provide funds for adequate provisions insured that the immigrants would arrive in North America penniless, destitute, and in poor health. Coupled with this is the fact that when they boarded the Lulan members of the party had been exposed to small pox and by the time the ship landed at Pictou harbor all were exposed.

Quoting again from Mrs. Flewwelling's statement to the Historical Society:

"After a fortnight's wait, more than 150 of these Highlanders were put on board the barque LULAN for Pictou. Although reported "in good health and spirits" when they left, smallpox soon broke out among the passengers, and there were several deaths on the voyage. Finally in the latter part of September, the LULAN dropped anchor in Pictou harbour with disease raging in the dingy quarters below decks."

⁶⁵ From: joseph MacDonald < joseph000@ns.sympatico.ca > Subject: [NS-CB-L] IMMIGRATION ATO AND EMIGRATION FROM NOVA SCOTIA 1839-1851 (pages 95-97)
Date: Sat, 27 Apr 2002 21:48:24 -0300

The Lulan arrived at Pictou on September 18. Smallpox had already caused the death of three passengers who were buried at sea. Ninety were afflicted by the end of September and twenty-four would die in quarantine.

The Board of Health found the Highlanders "very scantily clad" and most of them "in extreme poverty." On the Board's recommendation, all were removed to the beaches where smallpox patients were placed in hospital while the healthy were housed in sheds. Here they spent the long autumn weeks, and by the middle of November, 24 had died, 4 or 5 were still lingering in hospital, and 97 were reported "free from disease." As most of them were bound to Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, Sir John Harvey directed that vessels be hired at public expense to take them to their destinations.

It is doubtful that Alexander and Anne were knowledgeable of the problems encountered by her parents the year before. "Like so many of their friends and neighbors, they would have left their homeland with thoughts of following those who had left earlier to Cape Breton and Prince Edward island anticipating their help in their first year in the new world."⁶⁶

I have not been able to find any further information about Murdoch McLeod or his family.

⁶⁶ MacMillan, Angus "The Lulan Voyage", *The Sea Is Wide, New Celts From Old Horizons*, Dr. Donald McFarlane, editor, e-book published July 23, 2011, smashwords.com, pg. 132.

COMING TO AMERICA

In the middle of September, 1849 a group of approximately 300 Scottish Highlanders evicted from the North Uist estate of Lord MacDonald, and the estate of Colonel Gordon of Cluny on the islands of Benbecula and South Uist arrived in London, Ontario to the distress of the town's residents. The immigrants were following the established route from Hamilton, Ontario ultimately leading to their settlement in Upper Ontario.⁶⁷

A local resident in a letter to relatives described them as being, "Roman Catholic, rather destitute in their circumstances and able to speak only limited English."⁶⁸

According to the letter writer, London authorities raised more than £100 from the town's people in order to transport the group by wagon 20 miles to the northwest to the area they would name "Bornish" after their parish in Scotland. More precisely, they were among the second wave of settlers to Williams Township in Middlesex County. There, they built primitive log homes on land obtained from the Canada West Company, and began to forge a new life in the "strangely unfamiliar, thickly wooded land".⁶⁹ A land that was the exact opposite to their homeland.

For the Highlanders, the trip from London to Williams Township was the culmination of a voyage of courage and determination. According to a narrative history written 100 years later for the "Bornish Centennial" commemoration, they were among five-hundred families who had arrived in North America at Quebec after a six week or more perilous journey aboard an immigrant ship.⁷⁰ Before being allowed entrance into Canada, they would have stopped at the island of Grosse Ile located in the St. Lawrence River near Quebec to be examined for contagious diseases.

From Quebec the immigrants would have traveled by steamship to Montreal, a trip of about 180 miles taking about fourteen hours. Durham boats were then used for passage upriver to Prescott. The boats moved slowly against the current by setting poles and square sails, and the trip would have required several days.⁷¹ At Prescott they would have been loaded on a lake steamer for a two day trip across Lake Ontario to Hamilton a gathering

⁶⁷ From The History of Bornish Parish, a booklet printed in celebration of the Bornish Centennial 1849-1949.

⁶⁸ Emigration From Uist to Williams Township, theclearances.org: Articles

⁶⁹ Bornish Centennial Booklet

⁷⁰ According to theclearances.org website, tradition suggests that three ships, the Tuskar, the Atlantic, and the Mountstuart-Elphinstone left Lochboisdale bringing Protestants from North Uist and a largely Catholic contingent from South Uist and Benbecula. They arrived in Quebec at the end of August 1849.

⁷¹ Campey, Lucille, The Scottish Pioneers of Upper Canada, 1784-1855, Natural Heritage Books, Toronto, 2005, Pg. 9.

point for moving further west. They would then travel by wagons and stagecoach westward along the Dundas Road to London. From there they continued through forest and marsh to Williams Township; the women and children rode in wagons while the men walked behind. The final leg of their long journey entailed the carrying of their possessions on their backs for six miles through mud up to their knees, swales, and dense forest with only a blaze on odd trees for direction.

During their stay in Hamilton, the immigrant party was ravished by an outbreak of Cholera that reportedly affected almost every family. The author of the Bornish Centennial narrative writes: "While at Hamilton, the dread plague of cholera broke out among them, and of all the five hundred families, there were very few who had not lost a dear one, sometimes more than one."⁷² It is not known if Alexander was among those who lost a loved one to cholera, but it is possible that the infant child John may have died in Hamilton. What is certain is that his wife Anne did not survive the trip from Benbecula, and for Alexander McCormick the move to Canada must have been an event of sadness and grief.

However, we know that by the time of the 1851 census, Alexander's family consists of his wife Mary (Cameron) and children: Christine, and Hugh.

PERSONAL CENSUS—ENUMERATION DISTRICT, No. 1

Township ⁷¹ **OF**

Names of Inmates.	Profession, Trade or Occupation.	Place of Birth.	Religion.	Residence if out of limits.	Age next birth day.	Sex.	
						Male.	Female.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
1. Alex. McCormick	Farmer	Scotland	Church of Rome	X	36	1	
2. Mary McCormick		do	do do	Y	24		1
3. Christine McCormick		do	do do		8		1
4. Hugh McCormick		do	do do		6	1	
5. Peter McCormick	Farmer	do	do do	X	33	1	
6. Christopher McCormick		do	do do	Y	28		1
7. John McCormick		do	do do		6	1	
8. Ephraim McCormick		Scotland	do do		1		1
9. Isobel McCormick	Farmer	Scotland	do do	X	60	1	
10. Mary McCormick		do	do do	X	60		1
11. Catherine McCormick		do	do do		15		1

I have not been able to find a marriage record for Alexander and Mary Cameron. It may be they were married quickly after the death of Anne while in route to Middlesex County possibly in Hamilton. It is also possible that since they were in the wilderness they never were officially married.

⁷² Bornish Centennial

Note that the 1851 census record also lists Peter McCormick, his wife Christine and children John and Euphema along with Donald McCormick, his wife Chrisy and daughter Cashmiere. Peter and Donald are Alexander's brothers. Peter's wife Flora also died at sea in route to Canada.

According to the Agricultural Census of 1851 Alexander held 5 acres of land sharing lot 14 with his brother Peter whose 5 acres constituted the north half of the lot. Donald McCormick also held 5 acres of lot 15. About half of the holding was under cultivation. The census also reveals that he owned 1 Bull, 2 Milk Cows and 2 Calves. The family also had 40 pounds of butter on hand.

For some reason Alexander does not appear in the 1861 census however by 1871 his family is listed as Hugh, age 25, Ann age 17, Mary Ann age 15, Cathrine age 12, and Donald age 10. His oldest child Christine is no longer a member of the household. If the ages are correct, Ann would have been born around the year 1854.

Alex died in 1883. All of his children moved to Michigan. Mary also moved to the St. Charles area after his death.

1851 Census, Canada West, Middlesex County, Williams Township, Part 3

HUGH McCORMICK



Ann McCormick



Hugh McCormick

On June 20, 1877 Hugh McCormick married⁷³ Ann McCormick at Mount Carmel Catholic Church outside of Parkhill, Ontario.

Hugh, age 33, was born on September 7, 1844 in Benbecula, Scotland, the second of three children. He was about 5 years old when his family migrated to Canada. Ann, age 20, was born December 5, 1857 in Stephen Township in Huron County, Ontario, the youngest in a family of 9 children. According to the 1851 Scotland census, her parents, Archibald and Mary MacPhee McCormick were also natives of Benbecula, from the Town of Hacklet.⁷⁴

Their homeland is also documented in The Register of Immigrants from the Western Isles of Scotland 1750-1900, Volume 2 Isles of South Uist and Benbecula Part 2, 1840-1900, Bill Lawson Publicans: Pg: 38 SUE 103. "Archie MacCormick and family emigrated from Haclete in the 1850's and settled in Stephen Township, Huron County." Note that they came later than Alexander and his siblings.

The following information is from The Archives of Ontario; Toronto, Ontario, Canada; *Registrations of Marriages, 1869-1928*; Series: MS932; Reel: 24. In addition to the information listed below the record identifies both Hugh and Ann as being Roman Catholic and married by banns

⁷³ Data from Record of Wedding is shown on page 3.

⁷⁴ Ancestry.com. 1851 Scotland Census: Parish: South Uist; ED: 6A; Page: 5; Line: 8; Roll: 788; Year 1851 (Archd McCormaig).

at Mt. Carmel Church. Hugh is identified as a resident of McGillivray, Ontario and his rank or profession is listed as Yeoman. Thus, it can be assumed that he moved from his father home sometime after the 1870 census and before 1877.

One definition of a yeoman is a man holding and cultivating a small landed estate. Thus it can be inferred that Hugh was not living at home and may have had a parcel of land of his own. This is an area for further research.

MARRIAGE RECORD OF HUGH AND ANN MC CORMICK

Name	Hugh McCormick
Age	30
Birth Year	abt 1847
Birth Place	Scotland
Marriage Date	20 Jun 1877
Marriage Place	Huron, Ontario, Canada
Father	Laughlan McCormick
Mother	Annie McCormick
Spouse	Ann McCormick
Spouse Age	22
Spouse Birth Place	Stephen
Spouse Father Name	Archy McCormick
Spouse Mother Name	Ann McCormick
Marriage Date	20 JUN 1877
Marriage Location	Huron (Mt. Carmel Church)
Marriage County	Huron
Witnesses	Annie McCormick Laughlan McCormick

There are apparent errors in the record in the identification of Hugh and Ann's parents. Ann's mother was Mary McCormick and Hugh's father was Alexander. The confusion may have been caused by the fact that a McCormick was marrying a McCormick. The witnesses are Ann's brother (Laughlan) and Hugh's half-sister Annie.

According to Saginaw News obituary index, their first child Flora Ann was born in Parkhill, Ontario on July 31, 1877 which would be a little more than one month after their wedding. If accurate, the date of Flora's birth would put to rest speculation as to whether Hugh and Ann met for the first time on their wedding date. However, I have been unable to find a primary source of her birth date. Searching the index of Canadian births has not yielded any useful data.

When I mentioned this to my father when we were working on the "Days To Remember" booklet he had an explanation. He simply declared the

information on her obituary was wrong as if this were a known fact. There was no room in his mind for the alternative. Other sources would seem to bear this out. In the 1890 Census Flora is listed as a 1 year old infant, and the 1900 census lists her birth as July 1878.

Shortly after their marriage Hugh and Ann moved to the St. Charles area in Saginaw County Michigan. However, they were not among the first to leave the Parkhill area and move to Michigan, and so like his father, he followed an established path of immigration to a new country.

The settlement at St. Charles began to form toward the end of the 1860's and grew significantly with the arrival of many of the Scotch settlers in the 1870's and 1880's. "By 1900, some twenty-five Scot families had taken up homesteads and the area became known as the Scottish settlement."⁷⁵ Their ties to their Scottish relatives in Ontario remained tight, and once a year the pastor from the Bornish Church visited the settlement to minister especially to those speaking only Gaelic.

According to the information provided to the enumerator for the 1890 U.S. Census, Hugh and Ann reported their arrival as 1879. However, the souvenir book of the Silver Jubilee of St. Mary's Church⁷⁶ Hugh McCormac (sic) is identified as among those who arrive in the settlement in 1881. It is possible that Hugh worked in Michigan for a time before bringing his young family to the new settlement. John McCormick in his McCormick Family History wrote that on a trip to Michigan he had found the original deed that showed that Hugh had purchased 100 acres of land for \$500 on May 2, 1881.⁷⁷

As a new land owner the challenge before Hugh was to first create a rough clearing out of the wooded land, and build a log house. Clearing the land would be the first priority, and it is probable that family sustenance was attained through additional work in lumber camps on Saginaw Bay. Their first home was a wooden frame structure which was eventually replaced by a brick farmhouse which remains standing today.

They raised a family of four children: Flora (b1878), Alexander (b 1881), Archibald (b 1883), and John (b1891). Flora married Thomas Russell and raised a family in St. Charles. Alexander never married, and John remained a bachelor for most of his life marrying Mary McLellan late in life. He had no children. Archibald married Bridget Connelly on October 12, 1908 in Saginaw, Michigan. Together they raised seven children eventually settling in Lima, Ohio. Four generations and slightly over 100 years later there are over 300 descendants of Archie and Bridget.

⁷⁵ From Guardian Angels Church, 75th Anniversary, 1905-1980 a document prepared as part of the Guardian Angels Celebration Day, September 28, 1980.

⁷⁶ Silver Jubilee of St. Mary's Church, Hemlock, Michigan, September 2, 1909 reprinted in Guardian Angels Church Celebration Day booklet.

⁷⁷ McCormick Family History, John McCormick, Pg. 7.



In his family history account, my Uncle John states that this picture was taken in 1904. Hugh would be about 60, Ann about 45, Flora about 24, Alex about 21, Archie about 19 and John about 11. They are standing in front of the original house. From left: Alex, Hugh, Ann, Flora, John and Archie.

The times of my youth are revealed in this poem
Recall to my mind the days that are gone.
When Mother was young, though I thought she was old,
I well can remember, she never did scold.

She was peaceful and quiet and moved very slow,
But seemed well ahead of the things to do.
All of the detail and action took place in one room,
Where the family assembled without any gloom.

Though the shanty we lived in was not very handy,
Mother would say that it was dandy.
At baking and cooking Mother was good,
And seemed to do wonders in the place where she stood.

There was only one window to light up the room,
And directly in front stood an old weaving loom.
There was washing by tub and wringing by hand,
The messes up the place from beginning to end.

Bailing the water from a thirty foot well,
To service the stock and house on the hill.
Carding the wool raised on the farm,
And then do the spinning to convert into yarn.

Knitting and weaving, then sewing the cloth,
Seemed a pleasure to Mom as she moved about.
Straining the milk and skimming the cream,
Required many crocks that had to be clean.

Churning the butter for market and home,
Was another big job that had to be done.
Rendering the lard and curing the meat,
To make sure of the future, there'd be plenty to eat.

The fish we brought home from the swift running brook,
Were given to Mom to clean and to cook.
Hunting for game with the old muzzle-loader,
Was a sport then pursued without law or order.

Be it rabbits or birds, at the end of the feat,
It was up to Mom to prepare them to eat.
Wrestling wood and poking the fires,
Required enough energy to make a soul tired.

Saving the ashes to be made into soap,
For mopping or shampoo, it was all the same dope.
Setting the hens, then feeding the chicks,
Was a favorable pastime for Mom and the kids.

Filling the lamp and cleaning the wicks,
Making them shiny when they were lit.
Awake in the morning, she offered a prayer,
And knelt by her bed, with her hands on her chair.

Thanking God for the magic of rest,
Asking a favor that her family be blessed.
Each night before bedtime the family knelt down,
Praised the Lord for His mercy and the good that had come.

Asked His blessing upon us and forgiveness our sins,
And appropriate prayers to indicate our feelings.
Sunday was always a day of devotion,
That furnished the kids a sort of excursion.

For a trip to the village or the church meeting place,
We were starched up in collars or dangling with lace.
With our horses and wagon, we felt very proud,
For some came with oxen that had to be prod.
Mother and Dad rode the spring seat,
While the gang in the rear just sit on their feet.

*Composed and written in longhand by Archie B. McCormick
sometime between 1898 (when he traveled, at 14 years of age,
to work in a Minnesota lumber camp) and 1908 (when he
married Bridget Connelly McCormick).*

*Transcribed by Archie's youngest son, John McCormick, in
May, 2001, and distributed to family members.*

We do not know many details of the lives of Hugh and Ann however by 1890 they were surrounded with family members. Hugh's father died in 1883 at the age of 69. In that same year, his half-sister Mary Ann and her husband Michael Morrison moved to St. Charles. They had six children. The following year, his half-sister Anne and her husband Brodrick McIntyre arrived. They also had six children. His youngest half-sister Catherine married John McPhee in Saginaw in 1892. They had one child Flora who I believe Hugh is talking about in one of the letters transcribed below. Finally, his half-brother Donald along with his wife Minnie arrive in 1888. They had five children, the oldest being Joe McCormick who I had the opportunity to meet in 1968.

In addition to Hugh's sisters and brother, it is very likely that many of Ann's siblings also moved to Michigan. In my interview with Joe McCormick he recalled his father talking about Aunt Bessie and Uncle John both unmarried siblings of Ann. Grandpa Mac was also close to Ronald



Grandpa Mac with his father and older brother Alex. This picture may have been taken on his wedding day

McDonald, the grandchild of Sarah Marion McCormick who was a sister to his mother. His father Hugh McDonald was a first cousin to Grandpa Mac and both residents of St. Charles.

The following letters from Hugh to Archie McCormick were in my dad's papers. They were written by a man in his 90's just a few months prior to his death in June 1937. They reveal a man very much aware of the things going on around him. He appears to be still involved in the day to day operation of the farm. He is proud of the fact that he is still attending Mass and Lenten devotions. He seems to be aware of family problems, and apparently is responding to a question or comment in a

letter from Archie concerning Agnes and her engagement to Tom Alban pointing out that he was pleased she shared her plans with him. The boys to whom he refers are Alex and John pointing out that they are "as hard to suit for a horse as they are for a woman". The Russells refers to the family of his daughter Flora. I have not been able to track down who Effie, Mrs. Peter Walker, or Hannah OHanley are. Finally, note the comment concerning his

courtship of his wife: "I didn't give much time to judge me, nor me to judge, but we lived happy together". This would seem to rule out the idea of an arranged marriage although it appears that their courtship was fairly short.

St Charles, February 24 1937

Dear Archie and Family your
Letter just read which pleased
us to know that all was well
with you all is well here we
have been getting plenty of
rain and this morning we
have a snow storm but its
not frosty the old river is
full there is but very little
done but the snow is on account
of so much rain but it has
made no damage yet
The boys are looking for a
horse to buy but I think
they are as hard to suit
for a horse as they are

St. Charles, February 24, 1937

Dear Archie and Family

Your letter just read which
pleased us to know that all was
well with you. Allis well here.
We have been getting plenty of
rain and this morning we have
a snow storm but its not frosty.
The old river is full. There is
but very little done but the
chores on account of so much
rain but it has made no damage
yet. The boys are looking for a
horse to buy but I think they are
as hard to suit for a horse as
they are

2
They are for a woman. They
made a trip to Saginaw
but didn't find what they
wanted. They went to a
sale out in Gratiot Monday
but didn't buy horses as
they are dear and scarce. That is
young horses they have
to buy some. They and
some grain they have 10
young hogs fattening and
corn is one dollar and 50
cents per bushel. Fetherfeld
the man that has been on
the Jennings farm for the
last 3 years dropped
dead in his car coming
from town he was about
buying a 40 acre

2

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Jennings farm for the last 3
years dropped dead in his car
coming from town. He was
about buying a 40 acre

I am now living in the
 town near Chesaning. He went
 to town to make a payment
 and died on his way home.
 He was buried in Gratiot.
 The boys went to the
 funeral. His wife and a
 boy about 17 and a boy going
 to school is staying on the
 farm. He was 58 years
 old. When the boys went
 to his funeral they went
 to see the Russells. They
 were all well in health
 but he has given up his
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He asked her if he was saying
 his prayers yet. She told the
 priest he was. He said if he says
 his prayers he will come back.
 The roads here went bad last
 Sunday. It rained Saturday night
 and Sunday. We went to early
 Mass and in the afternoon for
 the lenten devotions at 3 o'clock.
 We had to come around by
 Brant. Better but it froze Sunday
 night. They are rough and not very
 safe to go on a long trip.

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6
 I had a letter from Effie
 lately she is still in
 Doctor's care & troubled with
 heart failure. I had a letter
 from you Cousin Mrs. Peter
 Walker of Weston near
 Toronto. All was well. She
 didn't say anything about their
 son that was studying for the
 Priesthood. The daughter that
 is a Sister she is out in the
 West for the last two years but
 she thinks she will be back to
 Toronto in a year or two. No
 word from Mrs. Stewart
 I haven't miss Mass on account
 of sickness or lenten devotions
 so far yet.

I had a letter from Effie lately. She is still in Sarnia under a Doctors care troubled with heart failure. I had a letter from you Cousin Mrs. Peter Walker of Weston near Toronto. All was well. She didn't say anything about their son that was studying for the Priesthood. The daughter that is a Sister she is out in the West for the last two years but she thinks she will be back to Toronto in a year or two. No word from Mrs. Stewart

Remember if you go to see Neil
 Ohanley give him my regards. I
 don't expect any more letters
 from there since poor Hannah
 passed away. May her soul be
 in peace. I think I have said
 enough. Wishing you all good
 health. With Love and Best
 Wishes from all of us.
 Banach Let
 Your father
 I haven't miss Mass on account
 of sickness or lenten devotions
 so far yet.

Remember if you go to see Neil Ohanley give him my regards. I don't expect any more letters from there since poor Hannah passed away. May her soul be in peace. I think I have said enough. Wishing you all good health. With Love and Best Wishes from all of us. Banach Let Your father

I haven't miss Mass on account of sickness or lenten devotions so far yet.

St Charles April the 29th 1937
 Dear Archie and family
 your letter arrived today
 which pleased us to know
 that all was well there. All is well here as far as health is concerned but dissatisfied with the weather. Don't get nothing done. The land is all in mush but we will have to wait till God sees fit to give us weather and growth he sees our wants and need better than we do. its too wet to draw out manure or plow. We got a fine

St Charles April the 29th, 1937
 Dear Archie and family your letter arrived today which pleased us to know that all was well there. All is well here as far as health is concerned but dissatisfied with the weather. Don't get nothing done. The land is all in mush but we will have to wait till God sees fit to give us weather and growth. He sees our wants and need better than we do. its too wet to draw out manure or plow. We got a fine

Bunch of Lambs this Spring 44 from 26 Ewes. 3 sets of triplets all living and doing well. One more Ewe to come in and the Mare they bought had a colt last Monday night. All is well. they like the mares work. She is nice and gentle a good worker. They had to buy 9 tons of hay six tons at 750 and 3 tons of alsak at ten dollars per ton for the sheep. Every thing is feed yet same as winter. They fattened 10 fall pigs that brought them over two hundred dollars

2
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But it went all in hay
 and grain, but thank God
 that its Paid for They Paid
 75 dollars down on this mare
 The Ballance will be due in
 in September I haven't heard
 from the Russell's for some
 time and the weather been
 so wet and Lambs coming
 since the first of April they
 couldn't leave the place.
 Now I hope that you are all
 Pleased with the choice.
 That Agnes is making that
 there will be no misunderstanding
 and if he is taking instruction
 that he will stay by it
 but some times they get
 careless and tired of it

But it went all in hay and grain,
 but thank God that its paid for.
 They paid 75 dollars down on
 this mare the ballance will be due
 in September. I haven't heard
 from the russells for some time
 and the weather been to wet and
 lambs coming since the first of
 aprile. They couldn't leave the
 place. Now I hope that you are
 all pleased with the choice that
 Agnes is making. That there will
 be no misunderstanding and if
 he is taking instruction that he
 will stay by it but some times
 they get careless and tired of it

and give it up. I was very
 pleased with Agnes that she
 thought to give me a hint of what
 was on her mind although she
 didn't mention it. I took a
 tumble. May God direct her and
 guide her. its hard to judge a
 man while courting. I didn't give
 much time to judge me nor for
 me to judge but we lived happy
 together. Put up with some
 hardships but we had each
 other and whatever one wanted
 to do the other was willing. I
 think I have said enough.
 Wishing you all good health.
 Love from all of us.
 Your father

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 Wishing you all good health.
 Love from all of us.

Your father

ARCHIE BONIFACE (AB) MCCORMICK



Bridget Marie Connelly A.B. McCormick

Archie Boniface McCormick and Bridget Marie Connelly were married on October 12, 1908 in St. Andrew's Church in Saginaw, Michigan. He was 25, the third child of an immigrant farmer who had migrated from Park Hill, Ontario in the 1850's. According to family lore, he was sent to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan at the age of 14 to work as a cook in a lumber camp in order to earn money for the family. He would not return home for 7 years, and as a result, he found himself an outsider in his own family.

She was the oldest daughter of a Scottish coal miner from southeastern Ohio who moved his family to Michigan in search of a better life in the new coal fields discovered in the Saginaw area. As a young girl she and her brothers had worked in the beet fields to earn money for her family.

The early years of their marriage began in Flint, Michigan where Archie had taken a job with the AC Sparkplug Company. Their first child, Agnes, was born in 1910. He developed an acquaintance with Albert Champion the founder of the company, and soon was traveling the country as the company's only salesman. I remember my father talking about the fact that among his acquaintances were the daredevils who raced in the first Indianapolis 500 in 1911. His relationship with Howard Champion ended sometime after the birth of his second child Arch who was born in 1912.

The following is from the McCormick Family History prepared by my Uncle John McCormick.

The reason why my Dad left AC, according to his own explanation to me, was that Albert Champion was quite a ladies' man and did considerable carousing when they were on the road together, something my Dad couldn't condone. Besides, he had a wife and two

small children back in Flint and he grew tired of the travelling the job involved. Albert Champion eventually sold his business to General Motors for many millions of dollars, including a significant amount of General Motors stock. When I was very young, especially during the Great Depression, we often joke around the supper table about what "might have been" had Dad stayed with Albert Champion.

After leaving the automobile business, Archie and Bridget moved back to Saginaw where he took a job with the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Their third child, Bernard, was born in 1915. The prospect of selling life insurance to the workers constructing dams on the AuSable River led to a move to East Tawas, Michigan where my father, James was born in 1917. By 1919, the family had moved first to Toledo and then to Defiance, Ohio as Archie continued to advance as an insurance salesman. My Aunt Ann was born in Defiance in 1919, and Uncle John was born in 1921. Shortly after the birth of John, the family made their final move with the opportunity to serve as the District Manager of the Lima office. Their youngest child, Janet was born in Lima in 1923. For the McCormick family, with the exception of life threatening spinal meningitis which struck Bernard in 1926 at the age of 11, life was good until the stresses of The Depression descended upon the family.



FAMILY PICTURE TAKEN SOMETIME AROUND 1922, PRIOR TO BIRTH OF JANET. BOTTOM ROW - JIM, ANN - MIDDLE ROW ARCH, BERN - TOP ROW - GRANDPA MAC, AGNES, GRANDMA HOLDING JOHN

Turning again to the words of Uncle John.

In looking back it now seems apparent that around 1930 or so our family "structure" changed somewhat. My sister, Agnes, had graduated from high school in 1929 and was enrolled in what was then

a two-year program for teacher training, at Bowling Green State College...Arch graduated from high school in 1930. It was pretty apparent that Arch couldn't go to college for lack of funds...In 1931 and 1932, my Dad's income suffered as a result of the Depression, but he still had employment while many, if not most, of our neighbors were in dire circumstances...My brother Bernie graduated in 1932, and neither he nor any of his friends could find employment.

The conditions took a toll on my Father. In the spring of 1933 he resigned from Equitable. In hindsight, he volunteered to join the unemployed. I have often wondered what precipitated this drastic action. He always maintained that the pressure was so great that had he stayed in the business, he would not have survived physically. He may well have been right. I am inclined to believe that there were some other reasons contributing to the decision. He was very strong willed...When the economy turned sour and business declined, I believe he started looking around for other potential answers. He had notions of going into the manufacturing business. He got into religious articles, manufacturing some and buying some for resale to religious stores. I seriously doubt if it produced any income, and probably cost some of his limited available money. He decided to buy an old house several miles outside of Lima that had some acreage where he felt he could at least grow food for feeding his family. And he did succeed at that.

Because of the condition of the house which was 115 years old when we bought it, much work was needed on it. When we moved in, it had no indoor plumbing. The first winter convinced us all that we would work very hard to get indoor plumbing before the next winter. The house had no central heat and my Dad managed to buy a used hot water heater with old fashioned radiators which we installed in the house.



I think another reason why my Dad decided to get out of the insurance business was what, subsequently, became known as "midlife crisis". It was very apparent even to those of us who were the

younger members of the family that the stress was taking its toll. Becoming effectively unemployed created other stresses. My Dad, who had always been very opinionated, now became very negative. We younger members of the family didn't even bother to ask if we could participate in some routine post-school activities because we knew, typically, the answer would be a definite "No!" I am sure that these conditions during our formative years had a profound effect on our personalities.

Bern and Jim got temporary work with the Buckeye Pipeline Company in 1935, which was a red letter day in our home...I think that it is important for you to know that dire economic conditions made it necessary for everyone to do whatever he could to support the family. So if a person had a job in our family, it was expected that a major portion of his earnings were given to my Mother. It also meant that we were expected to severely limit spending any money on ourselves without very serious consideration as to the need...We were not only poor, we were desperately poor and even those of us who were theoretically too young to be involved, overheard the conversations and the arguments resulting from that poverty, conditions which certainly had a significant influence in the formation of our personalities...I went to high school from 1935 to 1939 with two older brothers who were the main breadwinners in the family.



By 1940 with the country moving toward its entry into World War II, Archie has reached the age of 57. In the next three years he would see three of his sons leave for service in the military. Bernard left in 1941 serving in the eastern theater until the spring of 1946. John left in the fall of 1942 and served in the O.S.S. in Europe being discharged in 1945. My father left in 1943 shortly after marrying my mother. He served in the infantry seeing combat in France, Germany, and Italy. While he didn't speak often of his war experience I remember him talking about being in the first Army since Hannibal to cross the Alps into Germany. Uncle John writes about the fact that the war occupied the minds of everyone during all their waking

hours. Quoting from his memoir, "I would hear my Mother and Father praying the rosary at night. I could see in their eyes the worry and concern the war was causing."

Grandpa had snow white hair and was dapper in appearance. He always wore a hat and walked with a cane. Although I can't remember hearing him play, he possessed a fiddle and had some knowledge of how to use it. According to family accounts, he learned to fiddle while working in the lumber camp in Northern Michigan.

By 1949, (one hundred years after the departure of Alexander from Benbecula, Archie and Bridget are alone; all of their children having married and starting their own families. Agnes married Tom Alban in 1937. My father married Rita Brennan in 1942. Arch married Mary Ellen Ferrell in 1943. Janet married William Whitney in 1945; Bernard and Ramona Music are married in 1946. Ann and Jack Tuohy also marry in 1946, and finally, John and Mary Bishop

As the second half of the twentieth century begins, they have 18 grandchildren. By 1960, the year of Archie's death, the number has grown to 41. When Bridget dies in November 1967, there are 50 living grandchildren.

My most dominant mental image of grandpa and grandma Mac was their piety. They attended Mass daily as well as evening Benediction services and never missed special services such as 40 hours and novenas.

In the first couple of years living on the farm, we had no gas service in the house, so her cooking had to be done on what was known as a cook stove. This was fired with coal and had on the top what today would be the equivalent of four burners and had an oven, the heat of which you provided by the intensity and duration of the coal which was burning in a compartment to the side of the oven. My Mother baked bread every week, starting from scratch. She usually also made a couple of pans of cinnamon rolls for breakfast. During the season when apples, cherries and peaches were available, either from our trees or from a neighbor's, she would bake a couple of pies every other day or so... In the winter she did washing in the kitchen and hung the clothes outside on clothes lines... In the summer she did the washing on the back porch, but it was necessary to heat the water for the washing machine on the stove and carry it to the back porch. For a number of years she made her own laundry soap by saving kitchen grease for several months, then adding to right amount of lye, heating and stirring it, pouring it into trays, letting it cool and cutting it into bars. In the summer she also did the canning of garden produce, such as beans and tomatoes, and made her famous chili sauce every year. Apples from our trees were canned as applesauce... Cherries were picked and canned. She usually made a sizeable batch of strawberry preserves...

Her electric iron broke and we couldn't afford a new one so she went back to the old "flat irons" to do the girls' dresses and our shirts. A flat iron consisted of the heavy metal bottom of the iron with a detachable handle. As I recall, there were three separate irons on one handle. Two would be heating on top of the cook stove while you used the third to do the ironing until it cooled, then switched to one of the other two. Her evenings were often spent in darning socks or mending clothing. If we had a cow, which we did at several different times, she took care of the milk, saved the cream and churned it into butter.

As stress took a greater toll on my Father, she was constantly attempting to be the conciliator. She was the one, the only one; we younger children could go to with our troubles. She always offered a few quiet words of encouragement. But she was no creampuff.

On winter nights, when Dad was "in a good mood", he, my Mother and I very often played three-handed pinochle or cribbage. In spite of the stressful times, those were happy experiences.

During the war, Grandpa Mac had obtained an office job with a company involved in war production. I do not know how long he held that job and when it ended. During the 1950's with all of their children married they apparently settled into a semi-retired way of life. I know that there was some time spent living in Defiance, Ohio and working as house parents for a fraternity at Defiance College. I also have a vague recollection of going to Defiance and stopping at an ice cream stand which I believe they owned.

I'm not sure how long they stayed in Defiance. I don't think it was very long. When they returned to Lima, they settled in on Haller Street.

I don't recall spending much time at Grandma and Grandpa Mac's. We only lived a few blocks away and had occasion to see them fairly regularly; but generally at our house or at the home of Ann Tuohy who lived two houses down from us. However, I do recall one occasion when we spent several nights at their house. It may have been when my sister Patty was born. They lived on Haller Street just a few blocks from our house on West Street. Grandma's home was always very neat. There was always the scent of cookies or baked bread in the air. Throughout the house you could hear the tick tock of the clock which was positioned at the top of the stairs leading to the second floor. It chimed the hour and half-hour. I still remember the breakfast Grandpa made for us when we stayed overnight. He had a culture that he maintained for his buckwheat pancakes and served them up with eggs and bacon and toast with homemade jam.

The following memoir is by Ann McCormick Tuohy. It provides valuable insight into the early years of the McCormick family in Lima.

A Big Day for Lima

In 1927 the Holleran Ball Park in Lima was on East Murphy St. It was owned by Billy Holleran, a good friend of my Dad's and was a great attraction. The McCormick family Lived at 1032 N. main St. only one block from the ballpark.

Dad was District Manager of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, and he loved Baseball. Going to a ballgame was a big treat for Dad and Mom, and I think John, Janet and I were a pain in the neck to drag along. We were more interested in what the vendors had to peddle. Somehow Dad had something to do with bringing Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig to Lima. Possibly his insurance company helped pay for their visit. Anyway, it was a big deal for Lima.

Rosemary McNeff (Steckschulte) was a high school student at St. Rose. My sister Agnes was a sophomore at St. Gerards. Ag was chosen to present Babe Ruth with roses, and Rosemary was chosen to present roses to Lou Gehrig. She rode in an open touring car, and the roses were presented in the middle of the ballpark.

Mom and Dad had a large black and white picture of Agnes and the Babe. It was a better picture than these. I don't know what happened to it. I never had it, but I know that Mom and Dad treasured it.

A few years ago, my friend Evelyn McNeff, sister-in-law of Rosemary McNeff, gave me two pictures: one with Agnes and the Babe, and one with Ag and Lou Gehrig. After Rosemary's death, her family said they wanted Ag's pictures to be given to me. That is how I obtained them.

There have been rumors that the pictures are not of Agnes, but I was there.

In the one picture, Ag has on a coat...the same coat she has on in the family picture Published in the 1989 McCormick family reunion booklet. It was taken at Clear Lake, Indiana, around 1927-28 the only vacation we ever had, except for our wonderful Homecoming reunions in Michigan.

When Agnes was a sophomore, Dad had to attend a convention at Mackinaw Island. He took Agnes with him. Mom and Dad took her to Gregg's department store and bought the suit and fox fur for her to wear to the convention. Ag has the same suit on in the other picture.

Our trips to Michigan in the 1920s and 30s were made in rented open touring cars. The first ones I can remember held Mom, Dad, seven siblings and another young woman named Mary Britick. Around 1919, when Mom and Dad lived in Defiance, Ohio, Mary's mother died. Her dad asked my parents for help in caring for his daughter. She was very young. Her siblings were all boys. I think Mary lived with us until 1925. She later married Art Zink from Lima.

Naturally, the big guys held the little guys. Can you imagine the pit stops? They were made at country churches that had outhouses. When it rained we stopped and Dad and the boys snapped the celluloid shields in place to keep us dry. Naturally, one could see through celluloid, but no air. Yuck!

Mom packed food for two picnics. We stopped at county churches, spread tablecloths on the lawn, and drank water from the tin cup hanging on the church's water pump. The older boys pitched baseballs for stretching time. The trip took 12 hours.

We had great times. Naturally, the only communication was all by mail, but somehow everyone of the shirttail relatives, be it Connellys, Rawleys and Russels converged in St. Charles, Michigan at Grandpa McCormick's farm for our yearly reunion picnic. Oh Happy days!

I trust this find all of you well, and that you are happy to hear my part of the story.

All my Love,

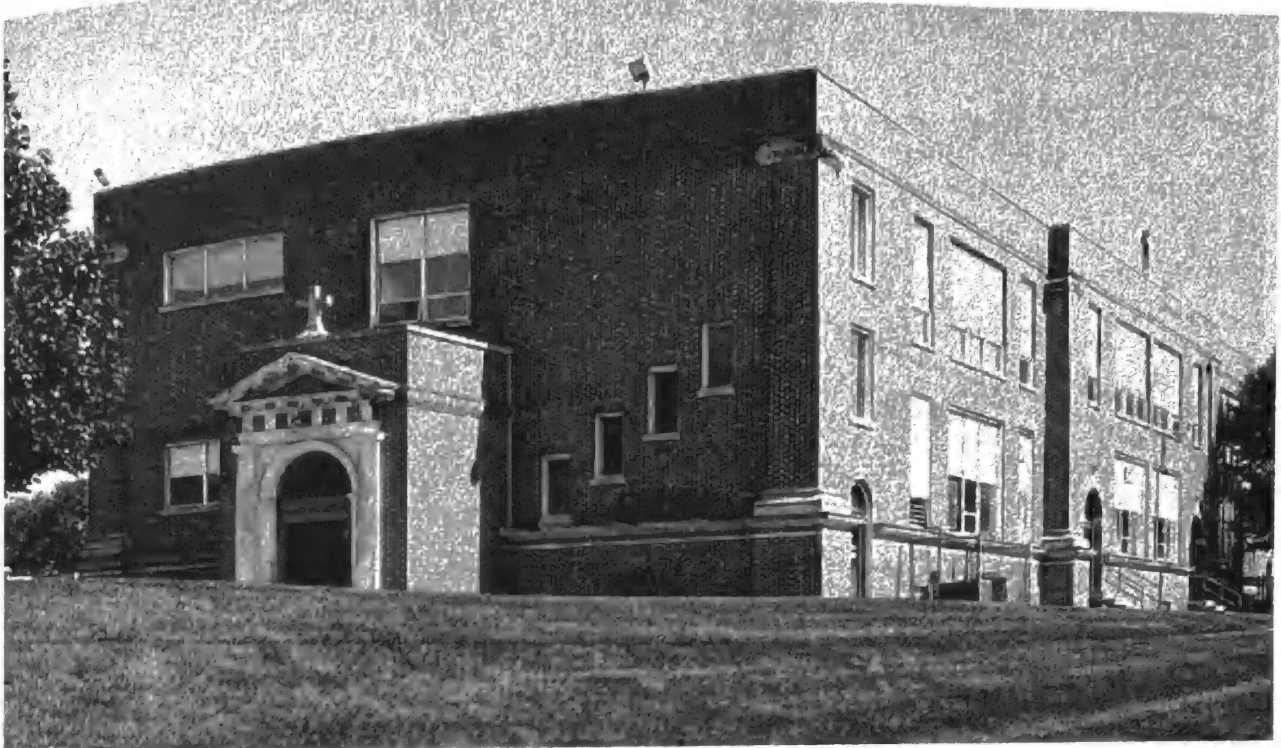
Aunt Ann

Ann McCormick Gushy

9-9-08

ST. GERARD'S OF LIMA

Perhaps no parish played a more important role in the lives of the McCormicks than that of St. Gerard's in Lima. Founded in 1916 by the Redemptorist of the Baltimore Providence, St. Gerard's and the Ursuline Sisters who staffed its school were instrumental in the lives and values of the family. One sister, especially, seemed to have a profound impact. Her name coincidentally was Sister Gerard. All seven of Archie and Bridget's children graduated from St. Gerard High School, and I



believe, were taught by Sister Gerard.

The following is taken from Lima Catholic.org

Prior to 1916, three Redemptorist priests from the Eastern U.S. were enjoying smoking cigars with Toledo's Bishop Schrembs following a successful Mission. The bishop mentioned the forming of a parish in Lima, and asked if the Redemptorist were interested.

St. Gerard officially opened on July 16, 1916 in the presence of 115 people. The cornerstone had been laid on July 15 for the church/school building. The first June festival was held in 1917 with the parish membership of 150 families and 725 souls. In September 9, 1918, 138 children were placed in the care of the Toledo Ursuline Sisters of the Sacred Heart, who came to Lima at Bishop Schremb's invitation.

By June of 1919, the monastery or rectory was complete, housing as many as 21 priests and brothers. Built as a college for further study for the Redemptorist, it was utilized as such for only one year. The Ursuline Sisters were boarded with the sisters at St. Rita's Hospital until 1928 when the convent was built.

On January 5, 1953, classes began in the new high school. This building served as a high school for seven years, until Lima Central

Catholic High School was completed, easing the overcrowded condition of the 810 children in the elementary building.

The parish and school soon outgrew the church/school building, and on August 28, 1962, work began on the church foundation. On December 28, 1963, the first Mass was said at 5:30 a.m. under flooded conditions due to a faulty pipe connection.



As stated above, the use of the rectory at St. Gerard Parish as a novitiate residence lasted only a short time. It was later used to house the Ursuline sisters, and after 1928, it was primarily the residence of the parish priests.

By 2010, the third floor of the rectory which housed a library and many bedrooms had been renovated to become the Redemptorist Spirituality Center. My Aunt Ann played an important role in the development of the Spirituality Center. As the following section of a letter to the family attests, the Mother of Perpetual Help room is dedicated to Archie and Bridget McCormick.

I'm writing to you today with what I believe is great news concerning St. Gerard Parish. I spoke with the pastor, Father Jim McDonald, on Christmas day and he updated me on the progress of the Redemptorist Retreat Center. In case you haven't heard, the parish is converting the third floor of the old rectory/seminary building into a retreat center for the region. Martin and Marie took me to Lima over New Years to see it for myself. I had a grand tour and was so impressed with what I saw. Its lovely - looks like a new building. Each of the 26 rooms is modestly furnished with bed, recliner, bed stand and luggage rack. The cost of furnishing each

room is about \$1000. Parish families have been making donations and requesting rooms be named in memory of loved ones. I was hopeful the descendants of Archie and Bridget McCormick, would be interested in making such a donation to St. Gerard to have one of the rooms in memory of mom and dad. After speaking with Father Jim this week he has agreed to set aside the Mother of Perpetual Help room to be dedicated to mom and dad, which is so appropriate as they had great devotion to our Mother of Perpetual Help. It so happens that this room is the loveliest room on the floor. A bronze plate engraved with the McCormick name will be placed by the door.

Aunt Ann was successful in raising the necessary funds. In fact, \$1700.00 was raised. In a follow-up letter to the pastor, she shares insight to the spiritual life of Archie and Bridget.

All of this happened because two people fell in love, and were married and lived up to the promises made to God on their wedding day, October 12, 1908. Mom and Dad were hard working people and lived their Catholic faith to the fullest.

In the privacy of their room, every night on their knees, my Dad led the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary and Mom responded, producing a solemn echo throughout the house. The home became a haven of peace. (It was not a tone of good night "John boy" - it was a time for the rest of use to close our eyes in peace and have a sound night sleep.) It was beautiful.

So Father, I am proud of you because you've established the Spiritual Center and that the McCormick family took part in it.

James P. McCormick



James Peter McCormick



Rita Jane Brennan

My father was born in East Tawas, Michigan in 1917, and was literally the middle child of the family of seven. He was about 6 years old when the family moved to Lima, where he, like all of his siblings, attended and graduated from St. Gerard School. He graduated in the midst of the Great Depression, and in the words of my uncle John, "we were not only poor, we were desperately poor". In 1935, he and his older brother Bernard obtained temporary work with the Buckeye Pipeline, and literally became the only bread winners of the family.

Dad was still working for the pipeline company when he married my mother Rita Jane Brennan on July 13, 1942. Then, a little over a year later, on July 23, 1943 at the age of 26, he entered active service with the Army at Fort Benjamin Harrison in Indiana. He served as a combat infantryman with Company L of the 411th Infantry Regiment. The Regiment departed for the European Theatre on October 6, 1944, and entered combat on November 11, 1944 at Docelles, France. (I was born in August 1944). After the defeat of the German forces, the Regiment returned to the United States on July 20, 1945. In August 1945 World War II ended saving the 411th from being part of a massive invasion of Japan.

He was Honorably Discharged on December 1, 1945 at Camp Campbell Kentucky. During the campaign, he saw intense action, and it is very likely that the experience of war changed him forever. The 411th Infantry would see 135 Officers and 3221 Enlisted men killed or wounded. Like most of his generation he never talked much about the war, but from time to time would comment, and I heard him say more than once, that he was a part of the first army to cross the Alps Mountains since Hannibal.⁷⁸

⁷⁸ Information of 411th Infantry Regiment is from a historical booklet I found online. From Bruyeres to Brenner – The Combat Story of the Fighting 411th – France – Germany – Austria – Italy 1945 by Donovan P Yeuell, Colonel 411th Infantry.

After the war, Dad returned to the pipeline company, and became a stationary engineer, responsible for maintaining the pumps and pumping stations. According to my uncle John, he eventually left because "he was frequently moved from station to station". I'm not sure when he called it quits, but I know my brother Joe was born in Findlay, Ohio, while he was working at the pumping station at Cygnet, Ohio. By 1949-50, he was working at the Standard Oil refinery in Lima. Then, in March 1951, he entered into a partnership with his oldest brother Arch, and purchased a tavern in Lima at the corner of Grand Avenue and Main Street. The Grand Avenue Café, or as it was known by everyone in Lima, "The Last Chance", became the center of our world, a source of family pride and consternation.

The Last Chance was a neighborhood tavern, a place in the words of my father, "where you can bring your mother without worrying". In the beginning the menu was limited to beer and a few sandwiches. Eventually, he obtained a liquor license, and it became a full service restaurant with meal specials every day. It was known for its turtle soup, fried



turtle dinners, pickerel, and corned beef. (I remember a message on the front sign broadcasting the fact that "Our Chili Is Not So Hot".) While business was steady throughout the week, Fridays were wall to wall customers, from 3:00 until closing, due to the good food, and the fact that you could cash your payroll check at the bar.

My dad was a strongminded, hard-working man who had little time for excuses. He had a temper, and viewed life pretty much in black and white terms. His faith was very important to him, and he remained loyal to the Ursuline Sisters right up to his death. Following is a letter I received while a Junior at St. Joes. It is the only letter I ever received from him. While it is addressed to "Jim and Joe", (My brother Joe was also a student at St. Joseph's), it was precipitated by a problem I had gotten into with the Dean of Students. In today's terms, it would not be a very big problem, but as you can see, I clearly disappointed my dad. I include it because it reveals so much about my dad. (Every time I read it I can hear him talking to me in direct and stern terms.)

Wednesday Night

Dear Jim & Joe —

Received your letter and I'm
sorry I have been so slow in answering but
the help situation has been critical and I
have been awfully busy.

As for your trip to Cincinnati,
I imagine it can be arranged providing
everything is on the up & up. We want to
know who you are going with when you
are planning on leaving when you will
expect to be home and all the other
stupid things which your father always
wants to know.

By this time I imagine you are
getting into the Semester Exams. Good
Luck. It is a little late to worry about it.
Use your head and if you get into a tough
spot a prayer to the Holy Ghost sometimes
does wonders.

3:30 Am

The place is now closed and
the work is all done and I am deter-
mined to finish this letter tonight so
here we go again.

To get to the crux of the letter
and what is on my mind I cannot
figure out why I was supposed to
write a note to Fr. Shields in regards
to your troubles and the situation was
handled in the way it was I began to
wonder just what the problem was.

President Kennedy quoted Job
from the Old Testament something
like this — Young men dream dreams & old
men see visions.

When I was young and my
children were small I dreamed dreams
of my boys being All-Americans — tops
in all sports — 4 minute miles

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Dear Jim & Joe

Received your letter and I'm
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When I was young and my
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all sports — 4 minute miles

maybe even scholastic scholar ships.

Those were just dreams which every father has and really don't mean anything. The feeling of failure arrives when you realize that in all of the effort expended the only thing expected is honesty and it turns out that this is a big contest to see who can outsmart the ringer and who can get away with what.

Now I am sending you boys to college to learn that the sucker is the guy that gets caught this is a waste of your time and our money.

Anyone that thinks that laws are made to be broken is thinking like a sophomore.

Maybe even scholastic scholar ships.

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Now if I am sending you guys to college to learn that the sucker is the guy that gets caught this is a waste of your time and our money.

Anyone that thinks that laws are made to be broken is thinking like a sophomore.

Laws are actually made for your own protection.

Say a smooth operator swindled you out of your tuition money or cheated me with a bad check.

The only recourse we would have to recover our money would be through the laws that have been passed to protect such fools as us.

Sure the stupid swindler or check passer got caught. I hope I have made a point.

Reason Boy - Reason.

There is no way of guessing how many thousands upon thousands Law books have been written.

Laws have been passed by every form of government as far back as you can trace. We will go back to God, to the time that he gave Moses the

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ten basic laws.

From these the thousands upon thousands of books which I mentioned stem. You think they are made to be broken?

If all people turned out the way God meant it to be there would be no laws.

Intelligent people do not need laws. Every one has a built in system called a conscience which is supposed to guide them. I will admit that everyone's conscience is not the same. Environment - associates - age - personal wealth - all of these things could make a difference. Something which would bother a person the first time he did it after repeated commissions might not bother him quite so much, but bother a lot or a little.

his conscience is still there and it still gives only two answers - right or wrong, and when a person is raised in a Catholic home gets a Catholic education there should not be too much doubt as to what is right or wrong.

Laws are not made to be broken - Laws are made to protect the innocent. Honest people are protected by laws. You have to be honest first of all, by being honest with yourself.

In the predicament that I find myself in at the present time in trying to raise a family by myself, I get many words of advice from many people.

As an example - I certainly trained my daughter better than that - She was not allowed to take the nick-knacks off the coffee table.

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In the predicament that I find myself in at the present time in trying to raise a family by myself, I get many words of advice from many people. As an example -

I certainly trained my daughter better than that -

She was not allowed to take all the nick-knacks off the coffee table.

She was not allowed to put her
hands on the wall paper.
She was not allowed to put her
hands on the wood work.
She had a dentist appointment twice
a year and was not allowed to eat
any candy.

Well and good -
You don't go to hell for putting
your hands on the wood work or having
your teeth fall out.

You go to hell for stealing and
to borrow an old beer joint saying
you go to hell for lying.

To get back to the All-Americans
I didn't make it either and I guess my
father was no more disappointed than
I am, but I did learn early in
life that no matter who I tried to
outsmart eventually I had to

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life that no matter who I tried to
outsmart eventually I had to

live with myself and it is a lot
easier when the conscience is
giving the right answer.

5:00 am

Enough for tonight.

Don't enter any contests.

You don't have to be a crusader
for any group.

Every generation produces its
own little group of downs. Always
college students.

Eating gold fish.

How many can get into a phone booth.

How many can get into a bed.

How long can you stay in a shower.

How fast you can tear apart a piano.

Did you ever wonder how long it
would take for the same group of
downs to build a piano.

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How long can you stay in a shower.

How fast you can tear apart a piano.

Did you ever wonder how long it
Would take for the same group of
downs to build a piano.

Just use your hands Boys. Think.
Don't worry about getting your
hands on the wall paper. But when the
game starts make sure you know
who has the Ball and play it
according to the rules. In this
game it is not ~~for~~ keeps, it is for
every, and the fouls that are
called are not technicals —
strictly personals.

There is nothing wrong with
being a conformist. Don't make
yourself conspicuous either by your
noise or your silence. Just grow
up — Be normal.

Good Luck
Good night

Dad

Let me know if you need
transportation to get home

My brothers and I all worked at the Last Chance. At first, jobs consisted of brooding tenderloins, peeling potatoes and cutting French fries, filling beer cases with empty bottles, stacking filled cases, washing windows and the mirror behind the bar. As we got older we began to help out in the kitchen, bussing tables and stocking the coolers. (In hindsight, I realize it was a way for a father to know where his boys were, and control what they were doing.)

On Sunday, May 12, 1957 I served a draught beer to a customer who happened to be sitting at the bar next to a State Alcohol Agent. I was 12 years old at the time. (It was not the first time I had worked behind the bar.) Needless to say, dad was in trouble, and for a while, I was no longer tending bar. I can still remember the day we went to Columbus for the hearing. Dad took all of us boys with him, and I think we were all wearing shirt and ties. It must have worked for he didn't lose his license, and shortly afterward, I was working behind the bar.



During my high school years, working at the bar on Fridays and the weekends was a foregone conclusion. I began to work nights, and by the time I was in college, was closing up at 2:30 a.m. I remember when I was first given the combination to the safe so I could close.

While the Last Chance was a source of pride and successful enough to allow my dad to send five of us to college, it took its toll on our family life. I think my dad was always tired because of the hours his work required. He opened up at 10:00 a.m., and usually came home for supper around 5:00 p.m. Dinner was usually around 5:30, and finished before Walter Cronkite read the evening news. As a general rule, there was no talking at the dinner table. (I have since discovered that this was common with all the McCormick households.) After supper, he would take a nap on the living room sofa before going back to work around 10:00 p.m. The bar would close at 2:30, and after counting the money, he would get home around 3:30 a.m.

He owned the Last Chance for over 20 years. After selling the bar, he completed a brief stint in public service, then began working as a salesman for the McCormick Equipment Company owned by his younger brother John. In 1976, he was diagnosed with an aortic abdominal aneurysm requiring major surgery. You can get a glimpse of his personality from the following anecdote. On the night before his surgery,

he gave me some last minute instructions: "Don' t give up the Notre Dame tickets". Nothing else, just don' t give up the tickets. I didn' t have the guts to ask if there was anything else.

Our family life revolved around church, school and family events. I remember some trips to Lake Erie, and a family trip to visit the McCormicks at St. Charles, but family vacations were not the norm. However, my dad was a big sports fan, especially Notre Dame Football, and opportunities to go with him to a game at ND, or to see the Tigers or Reds play were always treasured.

Our first house was at 543 N. West Street, three houses away from



St. Rose School where we all attended elementary school. Aunt Ann Tuohy lived between our house and St. Rose. After Agnes was born we moved two blocks west to 615 N Metcalf Street.

Growing up in Lima, Ohio in the 1950' s, I was literally surrounded by family. My mother' s parents lived on Ewing Street about four blocks from our house on West Street. Grandpa Brennan frequently stopped at our house on his way to work at the B&O railroad maintenance barn. My dad' s parents lived even closer on Haller Street, just over a block from our house. It was common to see them walking to and from church. Aunt Ann Tuohy lived two doors down the street. Uncle Bern lived on Main Street, and Uncle John lived on the other side of the street at the end of the block. The Whitney' s (Aunt Janet) lived on the north end of town. Uncle Archie lived on Baxter Street about 5 blocks away. The exception to the rule was the Alban family (Aunt Agnes who died of cancer in 1950) who lived in Michigan. It seemed like almost every grade of St. Rose and St. Gerard School had a sibling or cousin enrolled. By the end of the decade, Arch had moved to Wellston, Ohio, Bern to Macungie, Pennsylvania, and John to Cincinnati, and visits from the out-of-town families became the focal point of family gatherings, with visiting cousins spread out and staying at the homes of their Lima relatives.

One of my earliest memories is of my mother putting me on a city bus at the corner of West and McKibben Streets, and giving the driver instructions to drop me off at the corner of Baxter and Collett Streets. There, my aunt Mary Ellen was waiting for me for a day of play with Mike. (Those were different days.) I also have memories of a family

gathering at a park adjacent to the Lima Refinery. It was significant because of the pony rides for the kids.



John Tuohy, Joe, Jim, Pat

Living on West Street with my brothers and Johnny Tuohy, most of our adventures were found exploring the old St. Rose School with its three floors and attic. (Sliding down the outside fire escape support poles was one of the bigger dares.) We never ventured far from home, but always seemed to have something to do, and once we left the house, we were usually out for the day.

All of my brothers remember the trip to the McCormick farm in St. Charles in 1950. We slept in a tent under a big tree in the front yard. I can still remember my dad's uncle Alex calling the livestock at feeding time. I don't remember how long we stayed, but I do remember there was a huge storm during the night shortly before we left. When we got back to Lima we were shocked to see that the city had been hit by a tornado on July 19, 1950 causing widespread damage. My uncle Bern's house on Main Street was one of the heavily damaged dwellings.

Sports was a big part of our lives, and a way to stay outside and away from our stern father. There was something like 40 kids in our neighborhood, and our back yard was the site of numerous neighborhood baseball and football games. There was also a basketball goal at the end of the drive. In pick-up games it was usually Paul and I against Joe and Pat. As I recall, we all played little league baseball which was pretty big in Lima, and Joe, Pat and I played high school ball. Pat was by far the best athlete.

On September 3, 1961 we lost our mother. She died of a cerebral hemorrhage at the age of 40. I was 17 years old getting ready for my senior year in high school. My sister Patty the youngest family member was 3. Joe was 15, Pat 14, Paul 13 and Agnes almost 8. Needless to say life was never the same.



Rita Jane Brennan McCormick
August 14, 1921 - September 3, 1961



This picture was taken the afternoon of my mother's funeral. Standing in the back yard at 615 N Metcalf. Most of the family had gathered there after the funeral.

I can remember going to Mass on Sunday morning, and in my mind, can still hear the gasp of the congregation when it was announced that Rita McCormick had died earlier that morning. Everyone was in shock, and the question of who would raise the girls seemed to be the immediate concern of the extended family. I know that several of my dad's siblings argued for letting them move in with their family, but my dad would not hear of it. Instead an arrangement was made with Grandma Brennan to move in with us to take over care of the girls. As for the boys, to a certain degree we were expected to be tough and carry on. I remember going to school the next week as if nothing happened. We didn't talk about mom's death, and any mourning that occurred was done in private without counsel. My dad never remarried although he developed several relationships. When he died in 1977 at the age of 59 Grandma Brennan was still living at the house with Agnes and Patty.



Upon graduating from Lima Central Catholic, I began college at St. Joseph's in Rensselaer, Indiana. After my sophomore year, summers were spent working on the Buckeye Pipeline with my uncle Bern, and living at his house in Macungie, PA. The Pennsylvania McCormicks became my second family.

After graduation from St. Joseph College I never returned home. I took a job teaching in Mt. Morris, Michigan to be close to Roselyn Cruey, and as they say, the rest is history.



Front Row: Bridget Marshall, Morgan and Mason McCormick. Middle Row: Jordan McCormick, Jamie McCormick Marshall, Stacy Schoenfelder McCormick. Back: Michael McCormick, Greg Marshall, Brady Marshall, Jim McCormick, Matthew Hempfling, Anthony and Brandon McCormick



Paul Richard McCormick
1948 - 1989

Patty, Joe, Jim, Pat, Agnes August 2014



THIRD GENERATION McCORMICKS

Agnes
&
Thomas
Alban
May 31, 1937

Ann 3-April-1938
Kathleen 31-March-1939
Margaret 4-September-1941
Timothy 30-July-1943
John 20-March-1946

Ann
&
Jack
Tuohy
Apr. 27, 1946

John 21-March-1947
Mary Ann 25-April-1948
Patricia 2-October-1950
Martin 5-May-1953
Janet 15-October-1955
Susan 23-December-1960

Archie
&
Mary Ellen
Ferrall
Oct. 16, 1943

Michael 17-January-1945
Martha 16-June-1948
Marilyn 7-October-1950
Marlene 28-July-1952
Gregory 7-August-1956

John
&
Mary
Bishop
Oct. 1, 1949

Patricia 24-July-1950
John 9-September-1952
Christine 25-May-1954
Mary Gertrude 8-December-1955
Kevin 18-September-1957
Timothy 14-May-1959
Bridget 10-December-1960
Martin 7-July-1962
Joseph 10-June-1964
Margaret 26-October-1965

Bernard
&
Ramona
Music
Jan. 15, 1946

Bernard 9-November-1946
Therese 20-February-1948
Thomas 16-August-1949
Robert 9-April-1952
Daniel 3-April-1954
Timothy 15-May-1958
William 22-June-1959

Janet
&
William
Whitney
Jan. 27, 1945

William 9-November-1945
Kathleen 19-October-1947
Gerald 30-October-1950
Christina 5-February-1953
Michele 11-July-1954
Gregory 6-April-1957
Lisa 7-July-1959
Laurie 5-April-1962
Margaret 26-May-1963
Jamie 31-December-1965
Michael 4-September-1967

James
&
Rita Jane
Brennan
Jul. 13, 1942

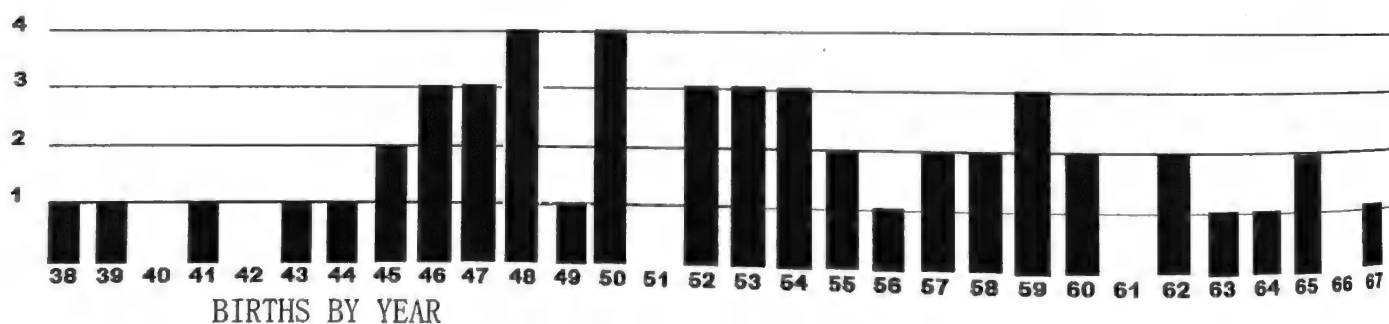
James 2-August-1944
Joseph 12-May-1946
Patrick 20-June-1947
Paul 20-August-1948
Agnes 22-September-1953
Patricia 17-March-1958

Total First Cousins = 50

Most Common First Name – Patricia/Patrick (4) Margaret (3) Michael (3) Timothy (3)
John (3) Gregory (2) Joseph (2) Kathleen (2) Martin (2) William (2).

Ann Alban	4/3/1938
Kathleen Alban	3/31/1939
Margaret Alban	9/4/1941
Timothy Alban	7/30/1943
James McCormick	8/2/1944
Michael McCormick	1/17/1945
William Whitney	11/9/1945
John Alban	3/20/1946
Joseph McCormick	5/12/1946
Bernard McCormick	11/9/1946
John Tuohy	3/21/1947
Patrick McCormick	6/20/1947
Kathleen Whitney	10/19/1947
Therese McCormick	2/20/1948
Mary Ann Tuohy	4/25/1948
Martha McCormick	6/16/1948
Paul McCormick	8/20/1948
Thomas McCormick	8/16/1949
Patricia McCormick	7/24/1950
Patricia Tuohy	10/2/1950
Marilyn McCormick	10/7/1950
Gerald Whitney	10/30/1950
Robert McCormick	4/9/1952
Marlene McCormick	7/28/1952
John McCormick	9/9/1952

Christina Whitney	2/5/1953
Martin Tuohy	5/5/1953
Agnes McCormick	9/22/1953
Daniel McCormick	4/3/1954
Christine McCormick	5/25/1954
Michele Whitney	7/11/1954
Janet Tuohy	10/15/1955
Mary Gertrude	12/8/1955
Gregory McCormick	8/7/1956
Gregory Whitney	4/6/1957
Kevin McCormick	9/18/1957
Patricia McCormick	3/17/1958
Timothy P. McCormick	5/15/1958
Timothy J. McCormick	5/14/1959
William McCormick	6/22/1959
Lisa Whitney	7/7/1959
Bridget McCormick	12/10/1960
Susan Tuohy	12/23/1960
Laurie Whitney	4/5/1962
Martin McCormick	7/7/1962
Margaret (Meg) Whitney	5/26/1963
Joseph McCormick	6/10/1964
Margaret McCormick	10/26/1965
Jamie Whitney	12/31/1965
Michael Whitney	9/4/1967



Grandchildren Born in the 30' s = 2, 40' s = 16, 50' s = 23, 60' s =

9

During 25 of the 30 years from 1938 to 1967 at least one grandchild was born to AB and Bridget McCormick. 28 were born in the 10 year period from 1945 - 1955

McCORMICKS IN SERVICE TO THEIR COUNTRY

Second Generation Americans

Bernard McCormick

Ramona Music McCormick

James McCormick

John McCormick

Third Generation Americans

Agnes: John Alban

Arch: Michael McCormick

Marilyn McCormick

Bernard: Bernard McCormick

James: Paul McCormick

Ann: John Tuohy

John: John McCormick

Janet: Bill Whitney



Lieutenant Michael McCormick killed in action on March 20, 1969 in Vietnam while on duty with the U.S. Marines.

Mike died trying to save a member of his squad. "Hoping that the casualty might still be alive, Mike instructed all weapons that the squad had to lay down a base of fire while he unhesitatingly advanced toward the bunker to recover his Marine. He reached the casualty, but before he could make his recovery, Mike was instantly killed by enemy small arms fire." ⁷⁹ He received the Navy Cross the second highest medal for heroism which can be won by a Marine. He was 24 at the time of his death.

⁷⁹ From personal letter from Captain Joe Green to Mike's father Arch McCormick. Captain Green was his immediate Commanding Officer. Picture taken outside of their home in Wellston, Ohio.

Lt. Michael P. McCormick Awarded The Navy Cross

Lt Michael P. McCormick was presented the Navy Cross posthumously in ceremonies at the Marine Corps Base in Columbus Saturday, January 10. The award was presented to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A.B. McCormick of Wellston.

Lt McCormick was killed in action in Vietnam, March 20, 1969. He had enlisted in the Marines March 25, 1968 and received his commission May 31, 1968. He arrived in Vietnam on December 25, 1968 and was assigned as a platoon commander.

Lt McCormick was a graduate of Wellston high school, attended St. Joseph's College for two years and graduated from Xavier University in Cincinnati.



The Citation follows:

THE SECRETARY THE NAVY WASHINGTON

The President of the United States takes pride in presenting the NAVY CROSS posthumously to

SECOND LIEUTENANT MICHAEL P. McCORMICK UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS RESERVE

For services as set forth in the following

CITATION:

For extraordinary heroism while serving as a Platoon Commander with Company D, First Battalion, Fourth Marines, Third Marine Division in the Republic of Vietnam on 20 March 1969, Second Lieutenant McCormick and a fire team from his platoon were helilifted into an area north of Khe Sanh, as the assault element in an operation to secure Fire Support Base Argonne.

Immediately upon disembarking from the aircraft, the entire team was pinned down by a heavy volume of fire from hostile soldiers occupying fortified bunkers overlooking the landing zone. Reacting fearlessly, Second Lieutenant McCormick moved across the fire-swept terrain from one man to another and shouting words of encouragement, restored their confidence.

Under cover of machine gun fire, he then initiated an aggressive assault upon the bunkers, and charging up the slope, he and his three-man team stormed and systematically destroyed three of the fortifications with hand grenades and close range rifle fire, thereby providing security for the remaining Marines landing in the zone.

Later that day Second Lieutenant McCormick led one of his squads during a search and destroy operation in the surrounding area and encountered automatic weapons fire from a well-concealed emplacement. His point man was hit and Marines were unable to recover their wounded comrade.

Unwilling to risk further Marine casualties, Second Lieutenant McCormick directed his squad to provide protective fire and with complete disregard for his own safety, maneuvered toward the casualty. He had almost attained his objective when he was mortally wounded by hostile fire.

By his heroic actions, aggressive fighting spirit and unwavering devotion to duty, Second Lieutenant McCormick upheld the highest traditions of the Marine Corps and the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country.

For the President
John H. Chafee
Secretary of the Navy

The following memoir and family history was written by my Uncle John McCormick, and mailed to me in December 2000. His recollection of growing up in the depression provides insight into the stress the economic hardships placed on the family, and how it became a significant shaping influence on their lives.

His accounting of the lives of the early McCormicks in some ways echoes the stories of his youth, and reflects a common theme found in much of the Scottish history written by the children of the pioneers: that of a persecuted people forced from their homeland creating a new life in the wilderness.

As you will quickly see I relied much on Uncle John's History in my writing.

PREFACE

My purpose in attempting to put on paper some of our family history is several-fold. I have often wished that I knew more about my parent's younger lives, their families, their parents and other relatives. I can remember at various times talking to my Mother or Father or to Uncle Pete or maybe one of my other uncles, but I didn't write down the names, the dates and places. Therefore, I don't know very much about my ancestry. So one of my purposes is to record what I do know about my parents, my brothers and sisters and my roots.

I will also ask your Mother to fill me in on the Bishop's side of the family so that I can, likewise, record her family background.

Another purpose in putting this on paper is that it has occurred to me that younger members of our family have many mistaken notions about happenings in our family before they were born. I think this comes about naturally, as a result of their having heard stories when they were younger which may have been exaggerated by an older brother or sister, or which became mixed with their imagination. So the second purpose is to "set the record straight", as much as possible, while I'm still reasonably rational.

Finally, in my lifetime I've seen. Some incredible changes in the world, in our country, in our culture and in our morals. When I was born there was no such thing as the time saving conveniences like telephones, refrigeration, airplanes, etc. Radio was in its infancy. While the automobile was replacing the horse-drawn vehicles, Henry Ford had only started convincing the American people that every working man could own a car. While indoor plumbing was recognized as a necessity rather than a luxury, the vast majority of homes still had outdoor "privies". With these changes in mind, I would like to leave for my children and their children some flavor of what it was like to grow up in the 1920's and 30's.

I propose to write about the people and events who influenced my life. I will try to be as factual as possible. In doing so, I may seem critical of some other person, or my vision of an incident may seem to treat that person or people unkindly. That is certainly not my intent I have no axes to grind and I carry no grudges against any person, family member or not, who has been a part of my life. I intend to tell the story as factually as I can recall it.

The Hugh McCormick Family

The most concise story of the migration of the McCormicks from Scotland to Canada and then to Michigan was prepared by Jim McCormick, Jr., and is printed in the book entitled "Days to Remember" which was distributed to everyone attending the McCormick Reunion in July of 1989. In this chapter, I will rely heavily on Jim's findings through his own research in Canada and personal interview with Joseph Alexander McCormick, the son of Dan McCormick. Dan McCormick was Hugh McCormick's half-brother. Hugh McCormick was my Grandfather.

I will insert some information which Mary and I learned on our trip to Scotland in 1994.

We spent several days in the "historical search room" at the Scottish Records Office, HM General Registry House, Princess Street, Edinburgh, EH 1-3YY.

The people at this facility turned out to be extremely helpful, even though we went through a rather thorough questioning before we were even admitted into the facility. We believed for many years that my Grandfather was born on South Uist Island in the Outer Hebrides Islands. On researching the records in the Scottish Records Office, we learned that the church was in the town on Benbecula. We searched the Baptismal Records for the years 1843 through 1845 and found no record of Hugh McCormick's Baptism. For some unexplained reason, I became aware that there might have been also a Mission Church on South Uist Island. We asked the people in charge if they would check on this and, after a long wait, they returned with a book of the Baptismal Records of the Mission Church. We were thrilled to find my Grandfather's Baptismal Record dated September 8, 1844 shows that he was born on the day before, September 7. His parents were listed as Alexander McCormick and Annie McLeod. Donald McMillan was listed as the sponsor. Only one sponsor was listed. The records show that Alexander McCormick was a Crofter in Nachdar.

We also found the Baptismal Record of Grandfather McCormick's sister, Christina. She was born on the 13th of April in 1843 and baptized on the 16th of April. That record shows that Alexander McCormick was the son of John McCormick and resided in Nachdar Benbecula. Furthermore, we found a Baptismal Record for another child, John McCormick, who was born September 28th baptized October 11th in 1847. That record shows that Alexander McCormick was a tenant in Nechdar, Benbecula. The same priest, James MacGregor, signed all three of these Baptismal Records.

When the people in this Records Office learned that we had found what we were looking for, they became very interested and invited us into the Library where they gave us some books to read they helped us fill in the blank spaces.

The occupation of my Great Grandfather, Alexander McCormick, was shown in the Baptismal Records as a "Crofter". In our country, they would have been called 'Tenant Farmers'. The history does not record how long they had occupied land in the Hebrides. They were certainly there for several hundred years, and more than likely had migrated from Ireland. They were of Celtic origin and their language was Gaelic. The land they worked was owned by landlords, many of whom were descendants of British Royalty. The land was of poor quality and their main source of food was potatoes which they lived on 9 months out of the year. When weather permitted, they would harvest kelp that gave them a little variety. In the summer, they were able to fish, thus improving their diet. They lived in very crude stone huts, which typically had dirt floors. In the late 1840's early '50's, the land owners, with the concurrence of the government of Scotland, decided that the land would be better for sheep grazing than tenant farming. There followed a period of severe anguish. The people did not want to leave the land. Most of them could not understand the English language being used by the law enforcers. If they did not leave their huts, the Sheriff and his Deputies would set fire to the inside, which burned everything, including the thatched roof. The people were ordered to get on sailing vessels, carrying what meager possessions they could, without knowing their destination. In one year, more than 50,000 people were deported. The captains of the sailing vessels did not know their destination until they were at sea, 10 miles out, when they could open their sealed orders. Their destination would be either Canada or Australia. Conditions aboard the sailing vessels were deplorable. The trip to Quebec would routinely take 6 weeks. Each person was given a board on which to sleep. The board was 6 ft. long, 2 ft. wide and usually stacked 5 high. Each person was allowed to be on it 8 hours at which time it would be taken over by someone else. Because there was no method of preserving food supplies, the food became rancid after a very short time. Toilet facilities were basic. People died of malnutrition or very various diseases that broke out. Since there is no record of my Grandfather's younger brother John having arrived in Canada, we can only conclude they he had died in route and was buried at sea.

In the Records Office, we were shown a book entitled "Dictionary of Scottish Immigrants before Confederation" written by Donald White and published in 1986. In that book, we found the following:

McCormick, Alexander, born in 1911, from Uachdar Island, Benbecula, son of John M. and Kristy MacPherson McCormick, 2 East Williams Township, Middlesex County, Ontario in 1848.

Alexander McCormick and Annie McLeod were married in 1842, and as we found in the Baptismal Records, they had three children. In the same book, we found Euen McLeod was the Father of Annie McLeod and was from Benbecula. We have been told that it was common practice for the first son to be named after the maternal Grandfather. We were also told that the name Euen was Gaelic for Hugh.

With this information, we are convinced that these were my, and your, ancestors, in spite of some differences were previously had.

According to the information gathered by Jim McCormick through his own research in Canada and his interview Joseph .Alexander McCormick, my Grandfather's Mother, Ann McLeod never reached the destination they had planned. Speculation is that she too died as a result of the terrible conditions on the sailing vessel and was either buried at sea or she died in Hamilton, Ontario where a plague of cholera broke out.

We have no knowledge as to how these people got from Hamilton, Ontario to Western Ontario. It is safe to assume that other migrants who had been forcibly deported from Benbecula had already arrived in Western Ontario. The pioneers named their settlement Bornish and their church St. Columba, both named after their home land.

My great Grandfather, Alexander McCormick, took a second wife, Mary Cameron. The 1851 census states that he and his wife were living in a log cabin with their two children, Christina, age 8 and Hugh, age 6. The 1861 census lists Hugh as living at home and was 25 years old. On June 10, 1877, Grandfather Hugh McCormick married Ann McCormick at Mt. Carmel Church. Ann McCormick was the youngest of nine children and was about 18 when she was married. Hugh was 31 years old. My Father told me that was an "arranged marriage", and that Ann never saw Hugh until their wedding day. The first child, Flora Ann McCormick Russell, was born in 1878 at Park Hill, Ontario. Sometime between then and the birth of their second child in 1881, they had migrated to central Michigan and settled near St. Charles in Saginaw county. It is possible that my Grandfather McCormick had gone to Michigan several years earlier and spent some time there with relatives and friends who had preceded him to Bornish. He then could have gone back to Bornish, taken a wife, made preparation for permanent migration to Michigan and moved there in 1879 or 1880. It must have been quite a trek, probably made on the back of farm wagon, drawn by a team of horses. My Grandmother would have been about 20 years old and her baby 1 or 2 years old. It is possible that my Grandfather's half brother, Donald, known as Dan McCormick, traveled with them. He did migrate to St. Charles at about the same time. The wagon contained all of their worldly possessions, including the bed, which was for many years in the small bedroom on Willowhollow, and is now in a Platz family bedroom. You may recall that the bed was rather small in length and width, which gives you some idea of the size of the people. My Dad's brother, Uncle John, gave that bed to me when he sold the farm. He told me that my Grandmother and Grandfather brought that bed with them from Canada, that it was the bed in which my Dad was born.

On a trip to Michigan, we found the original deed that showed that my Grandfather McCormick bought 100 acres of land for \$500 on May 2, 1881. We located that land on a plat map to verify that it was the farm on which they permanently settled and, subsequently, built the white brick farmhouse

which we visited when we drove down from Caseville. There first "home" was a wooden frame structure which is shown behind the family in the picture taken in 1904 that hangs on our family room wall. It appears to be very basic housing. It subsequently became the sheep barn after the brick home was built.

While Grandfather McCormick ultimately became a farmer, his first occupation was that of a lumberjack because the land had to be cleared of trees before crops could be planted. The soil tended to be sandy and not as productive as some of the other farm areas in Michigan. According to an article entitled "The Scot Settlement", which was given to me by my Uncle John's widow after his death, there were about 50 families that migrated from Park Hill in the Bornish area of Western Ontario starting in the 1850's. Some were related. All of them were Catholic. Beside the McCormicks, there were McLeods, MacInnes and MacIntyres. But the most common name was MacDonald. A quote from the article, "here grew and flourished little Scotland. Here they lived, secure in their Catholic faith and their Scotch customs, as isolated as though they had been on one of their own little stony islands in the Western Hebrides. The stubbornness with which these Scots fought to get a living from the rocky islands in the Atlantic and to keep their faith against the persecution and distance from Rome sent them seeking until they found a land and peace to their liking, and in the States they made a settlement which had all the charm of the old homeland and all the security of the new. It must have been this same stubbornness that made these hard working people so appreciative of small happiness' s and so ready for dance and song.

The Priest came to St. Charles once a month and everyone traveled faithfully the 8 miles by horse and buggy. They got to confession, babies were baptized, couples were married and everyone attended Mass, having fasted from the previous midnight. As I have said to you often, you are only two generations away from relatives who made incredible sacrifices for their faith.

They could not have survived except for a tremendous spirit of cooperation, especially in helping each other in building housing for the families, and barns and other out buildings necessary for farming.

My Dad's oldest brother, Alexander, was born January 31, 1881. Note that this was before they had purchased the farm which means they had probably been living with some relatives since they arrived in Michigan. My Dad was born April 28, 1883, and a 3rd son, John, was born January 10, 1891.

The early years must have been extremely difficult. My Mother told me once that in order to make ends meet my Grandfather and his half-brother, Dan, would go up into the "thumb area" of Michigan, north of Bay City, in the wintertime to work in the lumber camps.

As I mentioned previously, the first house they lived-in was barely adequate. Because of the condition of the soil, farming was very difficult

and money was scarce. Something had to be done in order to raise in cash in order to provide the necessities and meet financial obligations. When Dad's older brother, Alex, was 16 years old, he had become a great help in farming. With the dire need for cash, someone had to earn money. That job fell on Dad's shoulders. His Father was acquainted with a man who the chief cook in the lumber camp in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. My Grandfather had enough confidence in his second son, my Dad that he arranged for him to go to the Upper Peninsula and work as an apprentice cook. Dad was then 14 years old. Picture this. He had never been further away from home than the 8 miles to St. Charles. He had never ridden on a train. He was traveling by himself. He probably took the train from Saginaw and, undoubtedly, had to make one or two connections to get to the lumber camp. Somehow he arrived at the proper location and met the man who was to be his mentor. He stayed there 7 years. The lumberjacks were a rowdy and raucous group. The man who had agreed to hire Dad was obviously committed to guide him away from any pitfalls. Besides, he did instill the talent for Dad to become a good cook, something he prided himself in all of his working life. The living accommodations were very basic. The training he had had at home guided him and he developed a strong spiritual life. During his years there, he read the entire Bible. Somehow or other, he acquired a fiddle and became quite adept at it. He once told me that the company owners of the lumber camp built a building with a high fence surrounding it and brought in prostitutes. On Saturday nights they would be paraded in a horse-drawn wagon trying to drum up business. They would occasionally raze him because of his young age. When he was 21 years old, he received a letter from his Father advising him that the new brick farmhouse had been completed and that the taxes were paid and that the farm was prospering, and that he could now return home. The only check he ever got was his last one, which provided him with the rail ticket home and, when he did get home, he used part of last pay check to buy a suit of clothes. That fact had some ramifications because neither he nor his two brothers had ever owned any clothes other than the farm workers clothes. You can imagine the welcome he received at home, having been away for 7 years.

It was expected that Dad would stay on the farm and help with the work. I guess he did for a relatively short time when differences of opinion surfaced. Finally, his Father took him aside and suggested he should move on and find some other means of earning a living. He packed his things and moved into the town of St. Charles where he went to work for a grocery store and lived in a boarding house. This would have been about 1905 or 1906, and my Father would have been 22 or 23 years old. By way of explanation, this concludes Chapter I entitled the The Hugh McCormick Family.

MY MOTHER'S FAMILY

Since my retirement, Mother and I have had the opportunity to do some investigation of our ancestry beyond our parents. In the summer of 1993, Mother and I went to Canada to do some investigating regarding both her grandparents on her Mother's side, and my grandparents on my Father's side. For the purpose of this book, I propose to give the barest facts regarding all eight of our grandparents and concentrate on our parents, their brothers and sisters, our brothers and sisters and their families and, finally, our lives and times during our years of marriage.

My Mother, Bridget Marie Connelly, was born March 4, 1891 in Sherrodsville, OH, which is in Carroll County in southeastern Ohio. My Mother was born there because her Father, Peter Connelly, was a coal miner. Her Father was born in Scotland on February 22, 1858. On June 6, 1886, he married Agnes Jane McLaughlin in Sherrodsville, OH. Grandmother McLaughlin was born April 26, 1870. There is some confusion about her birthplace. The newspaper account of her death says she was born in Mansfield, PA, but a questionnaire my Mother completed in 1958 shows that she was born in Hazleton, PA. Also the newspaper account states that she died at age 46 which would have put her death in 1916. The same survey my Mother completed in 1958 states that she died in 1917 in Saginaw, MI. The marriage of Peter Connelly and Agnes Jane McLaughlin produced 12 children. My Mother was the oldest girl of the family. Of the twelve, only eight survived to grow into adulthood. Agnes was born in early 1908, and her sister Mary was born in the later part of 1908 and James was born in 1913. All three must have died shortly after birth. One brother, John, was born in 1895 and died in 1910. I remember my Mother telling me about his sickness and his death. She was 4 years older than he was, although she had been married 2 years at the time of his death. It was apparent to me that she grieved severely. She told me that he died of "consumption", which as I understood it, was a lung disease and was probably tuberculosis. My Mother's Father, Peter Connelly, died May 20, 1942 and is buried beside his wife in St. Andrew's Cemetery in Saginaw.

My Mother had two older brothers, Bill and Felix. Bill was born February 8, 1888 in Sherrodsville and at 27 years of age married Margaret Munholland. He died in 1952, and both he and his wife Margaret are buried in St. Andrew's Cemetery in Saginaw. Felix was born March 17, 1889 in Sherrodsville and at the age of 25 married Mary Ann Carminski in Saginaw. Mary died in 1940, and in 1942 Felix married Sylvia Heindl. Felix died in 1966 and is buried in Mt. Olive (?) Cemetery in Saginaw. My Mother had three younger brothers who survived into adulthood. Patrick Henry, known as Uncle Henry, was born January 13, 1883 and died in 1947 and is buried in St. Andrew's Cemetery, Saginaw, MI. Peter, whom you knew as Uncle Pete, was born August 31, 1902

in St. Charles, MI. He married Norma Sporlein in 1937. Both Pete and Norma died in the 1980's and are buried in Columbus, OH. Hugh Connelly was born January 26, 1905 in St. Charles, MI. He was married in October of 1929 in Santa Barbara, CA. He died in the late 60's or early 70's in California. My Mother's only sister who survived to adulthood was Genevieve Cecelia Connelly, born January 25, 1899 in St. Charles. She married Alfred Mueller in 1919. She died in 1977 and her husband died in 1979, and they are both buried in Akron, OH.

That's enough about names and dates. What about the family itself? Grandfather Connelly's death notice in the newspaper stated that he came to this country from Scotland in 1880. He would have been 21 years old at that time. It states that he went to Kansas City and later moved to Sherrodsville, OH. My personal belief is that he was born in Ireland and went to Scotland as a teenager, either to avoid religious persecution in Ireland, or to find better economic conditions, or for both reasons. He had very little formal education and apparently did find employment as a coal miner in Scotland. We know that coal mining was an attraction that brought him to southeastern Ohio. My Mother once told me that he had told her of the terrible persecution against Catholics in Ireland when he was a boy. She also told me of the very difficult condition in which miner's families had to live. In the wintertime when daylight hours were reduced, miners went to work in the mines in the dark and came out in the dark. Safety conditions in the mines were poor. Grandfather Connelly was a participant in the early days of unionizing the mine workers in an attempt to improve their working conditions and to provide more job security. My Mother once told me that when she was a girl, her Mother told her how difficult it was to make ends meet and that every time it looked like they would make a little financial progress, John L. Lewis would call the miners out on strike. Around 1899 Grandfather Connelly moved his wife and 5 children to Michigan because coal had been discovered in the Saginaw area and new mines were opening. They located in the town of St. Charles near Saginaw. My Mother was nine years old. Uncle Felix was 12 years old when he went to work in the mine in St. Charles. He once told me that the mines would hire young boys because the ceiling height in the mineshaft was so low that they could work better without constantly stooping; Felix and Uncle, Bill became staunch union members as virtual boys, and in later years when they worked for General Motors, were adamant UAW members. Uncle Felix told me that some of his job was shoveling coal into the mine cars which were used to haul it up to the surface. One time he got his right hand between two cars that were coupled and he told me he was afraid to take off his glove for fear that his hand would stay in the glove.

Between 1899 and 1913, Peter and Agnes Connelly had 7 children born in Michigan. As I pointed out previously, 3 died in infancy and their son John died as a teenager. When the mines were not working, either due to being on strike or poor economic conditions, living conditions were, obviously,

extremely difficult. My Mother told me that when she was a young girl she and her brothers would work in the beet fields long hours in the hot sun. Their pay was a pittance, but it went to help the family survive. She told me that in one field they had no drinking water, but there was an open well. The problem was that they had no way to raise the water. They devised a method by taking some yarn from a sweater, tying a stick on it, dipping the stick into the water and raising it quickly so that they could get a few drops of water at the end stick.

They had very little formal education. My recollection is that my Mother went to the 5th or 6th grade. Her younger sister, Aunt Gen, and her brother Pete and Huey, probably finished the 8th grade and may have even had a year or so of high school.

I don't care to belabor the point, but I would be remiss if I did not tell you that the Connelly's knew how to carry a grudge. I never did know what anyone of them had against another, but I did know that some of them didn't care for other members of the family. This certainly did not apply to my Mother and the older sons of the family. My Mother was the most kind and gentle person I have ever known.

In spite of their irritation between one another, the Connelly's were very devote members the Catholic Church. While I never got to know Hugh or Henry, I did know Felix, Bill, Pete and Aunt Gen very well, and I know that they practiced their faith to the best of their ability. My Mother's faith was an inspiration to each of her children, as well as to her grandchildren, including some of you. They all had great devotion to the Rosary. For many years after they obtained employment in the automotive plant in Saginaw, my Uncle Felix worked in the "Heat Treat" plant of the Saginaw Steering Gear Plant. This is an area where metal castings were heated and cooled to bring about the desired characteristics. In the summertime it was not uncommon for the heat in that shop to reach 120°. My Mother told me that Felix would often get up and pray on his knees for an hour before going to work in those extreme conditions.

My Grandmother Connelly died in April of 1917. She was 46 years old when she died. At that time my Mother and Father had been married 8 years. They had moved from Saginaw to Flint, then back to Saginaw and then lived in East Tawas, MI when my Grandmother died. At that time, my Mother had 3 children and was 6 months pregnant with my brother Jim. I suspect this had to be a very difficult time for her because her Mother had apparently been in poor health for some time. The newspaper clipping said that she died of "complications of diseases". I am sure my Mother was concerned about the welfare of her younger sister and two younger brothers, and apparently rightly so. I don't know the exact timing, but after my Grandmother Connelly's death, Grandfather Connelly "broke up housekeeping". (That expression was carried on down through the years as a significant time in the lives of all those involved.) As an

example, Uncle Pete was 15 years old when his Mother died. The First World War was in progress. Pete lied about his age and enlisted in the Navy. He was in Boot Camp when the Navy learned of his true age and he was summarily dumped back into civilian life. Uncle Hugh did join the Navy and spent at least 1 hitch in California where he permanently settled. All I know about the woman he married was that she was a very beautiful woman of Spanish descent named Rose. Hugh spent the rest of his life in California. Their marriage produced 4 children, James, Robert, Diane and Marsha. The significance of this is that I have 4 first cousins named Connelly and I have no idea whatever happened to them. Uncle Hugh did come to Ohio in about 1958. He had been visiting his brother Felix in Saginaw and Felix brought him to Columbus to visit Uncle Pete. You're Mother and I went to Columbus and spent the afternoon at Pete's house visiting with them. Hugh had his youngest daughter Marsha with him. She was about 22 years old at the time and a very beautiful girl.

After the family breakup, my Mother's sister, Aunt Gen, went to Toledo and lived with her Mother's sister, Susan, who was married to John J. O' Donald. He was quite successful in business and they lived in a beautiful home at 2005 Richmond Road in Gesu parish Toledo. Gen's husband, Uncle Al Mueller, was from Akron and they were married in 1919 in St. Vincent's church in Akron. Al's family were very strict Lutherans and they never did forgive him for marrying a Catholic. In their early years they lived in Elyria, OH and Grandfather Connelly lived with them for a time. I remember my Mother receiving a telephone call from Aunt Gen about 1925 telling her that Grandpa Connelly had left and she had no idea where he was. My Mother learned some time later that he was in home operated by the Little Sisters of the Poor in Toledo. He subsequently moved to the Little Sisters of the Poor in Grand Rapids, MI where he spent the remainder of his life. He died in 1942 at age 82. On a couple of trips to Michigan during the '30's when we would spend some time at my Grandfather McCormick's farm, we would always take a day and drive from St. Charles to Grand Rapids, MI where we would spend a couple of hours visiting Grandfather Connelly. He did come to our home in Lima in 1937 when my sister Agnes was married. That was the last time I saw him. Just to give you a little insight in the conditions of the time, I remember that in 1934 or '35, my Mother received a letter from the Sisters in charge of the home in Grand Rapids, who asked if it wouldn't be possible for my Mother to send a couple of dollars a month in order to provide for my Grandfather some smoking tobacco, toilet articles, etc. I remember my Mother feeling so sad because she had to write the Sister and say she couldn't make such a commitment because she simply didn't have a couple of dollars a month to spend.

Back to Aunt Gen and Uncle Al. About 1930 they moved to Lima where we were living at the time. Jobs were hard to find and Al was planning to work for my Father as a life insurance salesman. By his own admission to me many years later, he was a total and complete failure in the life insurance business. They moved back to Akron where he got a job in the electric utility

company. They had 3 children, Jean, who married Jack Devanny, a medical doctor. Jean died in the late 1980's. Jack still lives in Gesu parish in Toledo. Jean had 2 brothers. One is Father John Mueller, who is a priest in the Cleveland Dioceses, based in Wooster, OH. The other brother is Bob, who lived in Cincinnati in the early 1960's. He had been in the Trappist Order in Oregon with the expectation of being ordained a priest. When it was decided mutually that it was not advisable, he left the order and ultimately came to Cincinnati. The last I heard he was an alcohol and drug counselor in northwestern Ohio.

It is of little significance, but in 1948 when I graduated from Notre Dame, my first job was with the William Wrigley Co. promoting Spearmint, Doublemint and Juicy Fruit gum. I lived with Uncle Al and Aunt Gen for about 3 months in Akron. They were a wonderful Christian family and a good influence on me at the time. I enjoyed my time with them. Since Uncle Bill and Uncle Felix worked for many years for General Motors and lived in Saginaw, they were pretty close. In the 1930's when we would make an annual trip to Michigan, some of us younger children (which included me) would get to spend an overnight with either Uncle Bill and Aunt Margaret or Uncle Felix and Aunt Mary. We always preferred to stay with Uncle Felix and Aunt Mary because they gave us "goodies" or let us go to a movie or took us for a ride. In retrospect, our preference was based on childish selfishness because Bill and Margaret were wonderful people. Neither of these couples had any children of their own and I suspect that our being left with either couple was considered somewhat of a nuisance by them. Uncle Bill died in 1952 of cancer of the lungs after having smoked since he was virtually a boy. Your Mother and I went to the funeral. Aunt Margaret lived many years thereafter and died in the late 1980's. As I said previously, Uncle Felix's first wife, Mary, died in 1940. Many of our family attended the funeral in Saginaw. It was especially sad because they had a very happy marriage for 26 years and it was a severe loss to Felix. Another significant aspect of her funeral was that Uncle Henry was there. Uncle Henry never married and chose to distance himself from his family. He was a virtual drifter, periodically being in touch with Felix or Bill, but having very little personal contact. He was 2 years younger than my Mother and, along with all her other worries, she used to worry about him not knowing where he was, whether he was healthy or sick or whether he was even alive. As was kind of expected, Uncle Felix got word that he died September 19, 1947 while working in a "section gang" on the railroad. As was predictable, Felix arranged for his funeral in Saginaw. Naturally, my Mother and Father attended. I was unable to attend the funeral because I was then a student at Notre Dame. Some years later, I guess it was in the middle '50's, I was spending an afternoon with Mother's Uncle Frank Bishop in a boat on the Detroit River. We got to talking about members of families who chose to distance themselves and I told him about my Uncle Henry. I also told him that when he died he was working for the Grand Trunk Railroad. Uncle Frank was

the General Claims Agent for the Grand Trunk Railroad and he became very interested. Several weeks later he wrote me that he had checked into the records to see if he could shed any light on the cause of my Uncle's death. The only thing he found in the records was that it had been a very hot day and the work required a lot of physical exertion, and that he passed out, was taken to a hospital where he died on arrival. The apparent cause of death was a heart attack.

After Uncle Pete failed in his attempt to enlist in the Navy, he spent time in Saginaw and ultimately gravitated to Toledo where he too lived with his Mother's Aunt Susan. He was virtually a young man without a home. In the middle of the 1920's, he enlisted in the Marine Corp for 6 years. He took his training at Quantico in Virginia and did serve one hitch in Shanghai, China. His enlistment was up in the early 1930's, right in the middle of the Depression. He again lived in Toledo for a while, and with our family in Lima. Jobs were non-existent. He did work Saturdays in the A & P store with my brothers. Ultimately, he signed on to one of the many New Deal Programs, designed to help people cope with the terrible economic time. He was in Civilian Conservation Corp, known as the 3 CCC's. Under this program, young men lived in camps, frequently abandoned military camps, and did public works. He spent the early part of his hitch planting trees in the National Forest. The 3 CCC program generated a new word in our vocabulary, "re-forestation". Its purpose was to re-establish forests in the National Parks and public lands. Subsequently, he got transferred to Columbus, OH where he finished out his hitch doing office work. As a result, he settled in Columbus where he married Norma. They had one child, Judy Forman, who still lives in Columbus. Her son by her first marriage, Jim Bennett, worked for McCormick Equipment for a couple of years until Pete Kimener fired him. Uncle Pete loved each one of our children. He simply would not tolerate any of them being corrected by Mother or me. As you recall, he made several trips to our home. After we moved to St. Gertrude's parish and became acquainted with Father Briggs, Pete visited us on a weekend and Mother and I took the two of them out for dinner. Recall that Father Briggs was born and raised in the Saginaw area. I found it interesting to hear Pete and Father Briggs discuss the conditions they lived under during their childhood. Their boyhood were spent in poverty, but obviously, they had many happy memories. Father Briggs got a good laugh when Pete told him that when the priest was scheduled to visit St. Charles, which he did once a month, the youngsters not only went to confession in preparation for Sunday Mass, but Grandma Connelly also insisted that each of them have a good laxative so that they were clean physically and spiritually. After Norma died, Pete spent his remaining days in the Carmelite Home for Senior Citizens in Columbus. He died June 12, 1983.

In my adult life, I tried to maintain as good contact as possible with all of the Connelys. In spite of their lack of formal education and poverty in the early years, they were truly wonderful people. I would encourage you to

remember that you are just two generations away from being considered what today would likely be called "white trash". That is one of the reasons I could never feel superior to those living in poverty. In spite of the fact that some of the Connelys were quite superstitious, they were totally dedicated to their faith and made great sacrifices to continue to practice it. For your information and to the best of my knowledge, I have seven living first cousins on the Connely side of the family.

MY FATHER'S FAMILY

My Father, Archie 8. McCormick, and my Mother, Bridget Marie Connelly, were married on October 12, 1908 in St. Andrew's Church in Saginaw.

After my Grandfather had advised my Father that he was not welcome on the farm, that he was creating dissention in the family and invited him to leave, my Father got employment in St. Charles, to the best of my recollection, working in a grocery store. Because of the distance from the farm to the town of St. Charles and, because of the lack of public transportation, I assume that my father stayed in town, probably at some form of a boarding house. This would have been about 1905 or 1906, and my Father would have been either 22 or 23 years old. When they were married in 1908 he was 25 and my Mother was 17.

Prior to my oldest sister's birth, they moved to Flint, Michigan, not too far from Saginaw. I do not know if they went there seeking better employment for my Father or if he had something lined up in advance. I do know that shortly after moving there, he went to work for the AC Sparkplug Company. In the early history of the automobile, one of the major problems was the continual failure of sparkplugs which virtually burned themselves out by the electrical arc which ignited the fuel in the internal combustion engine. Albert Champion came to this country from France because he knew ceramics and developed a sparkplug with sufficient insulation (made of ceramic) which virtually eliminated the problem of the sparkplugs wearing out prematurely. He started the company known as AC Sparkplugs, named after his initials. Parenthetically, the sparkplug he developed is essentially what is used in internal combustion engines today whether they are in automobiles, lawnmowers, weed eaters, etc. But in the early days of the twentieth century, practically the only use for sparkplugs was in cars. There were many manufacturers of cars and their plants were located throughout the Midwest, not simply in Michigan. Somehow my Father met Albert Champion and was hired by him as THE salesman for the company. He was the only salesman. His territory was the United States. Obviously, the job entailed much traveling, all done by train. The pictures of my Father taken around this time show him to be a very handsome person. As shown in the previous chapter, his education was limited to grade school, probably to the sixth grade. I am reasonably sure that during his seven years in the lumber camp in the north woods, he did considerable reading which not only developed his mind, but also significantly improved his vocabulary. I know from my own observation of him that he had a great talent for learning by observing other people's successes. It must have been an incredible challenge to him to go from being a farm boy to an assistant cook in a lumber camp for seven years, back to the farm, then to a grocery clerk, and within a short period of time be a salesman calling on car manufacturing

companies in various parts of the country. He was the kind of a person who enjoyed the challenge and, undoubtedly, worked very hard to improve his sales ability. Many of the automobile companies were small, privately held firms where he talked directly to the owners themselves. I know that one time he went to Boston to attend an automobile show. The original AC plant in Flint was still in operation well into the latter part of the twentieth century. My Father was still employed with AC when my brother, Arch, was born in 1912. The reason why my Dad left AC, according to his own explanation to me, was that Albert Champion was quite a ladies man and did considerable carousing when they were on the road together, something my dad couldn't condone. Besides, he had a wife and two small children back in Flint and he grew tired of the travelling the job involved. Albert Champion eventually sold his business to General Motors for many millions of dollars, including a significant amount of General Motors stock. When I was very young, especially during the Great Depression, we often joked around the supper table about what "might have been" had Dad stayed with Albert Champion. Incidentally, the Champion Sparkplug Company of Toledo had no connection with Albert Champion. The Toledo Company was started by the Stanahan Family and capitalized on Albert Champion's name. There was a famous lawsuit against them by Albert Champion and General Motors to prevent them from marketing with the name "Champion". Obviously, the lawsuit did not succeed. So my Dad's experience in the infant automobile business was something he never forgot, benefited by and, to the best of my knowledge, never regretted leaving.

My folks and their two young children moved back to Saginaw where my brother, Bernard, was born in 1915. My Dad went to work for the Equitable Life Assurance Society, selling life insurance. He must have been pretty good at it because he stayed in it until the middle 1930's. As he succeeded, his boss encouraged him to move further north in Central Michigan where he felt Dad would find more prospects. They moved to East Tawas, primarily because there was considerable work being done in building dams on the AuSable River. I trust you all remember our day canoeing down the AuSable River with your Rapin cousins, the Voss's and the Linneman's. We got into our canoes on the river at what is called the Foot Site Dam, the last of seven such dams built on the AuSable River, primarily as hydroelectric generating plants. Each of these seven construction sights brought significant employment and each of those construction workers was a prospect for my Dad's life insurance "pitch". As with the sparkplug business, he studied and continually tried to improve his sales ability. I still have some of his early sales training literature. He became an enthusiastic student of what he referred to as "practical psychology". He had a great talent for meeting people and obtaining their trust. My brother, Jim, was born in East Tawas in 1917. The First World War was going on and our country had become involved. My Dad was not drafted into service because of the number of his dependents. Agnes had started to school

in Saginaw when they moved to East Tawas. Arch started to school in East Tawas.

My Dad's boss, a Mr. O. B. Haller, was promoted to be the manager of the Toledo, Ohio branch and he offered Dad the opportunity join him there. They didn't live in Toledo very long, about a year or so, when he was asked to move to Defiance and work the farm communities in northwestern Ohio. That is why my sister, Ann, was born there in 1919 and I was born in 1921. I recall receiving a letter from Dad on a birthday sometime in my 20's which he outlined for me how wonderful conditions were in 1921 when I was born. Many years later, in college, studying business cycles, I learned that the country was in a pretty severe post-war recession in 1921. It didn't have much significance with my Dad. He was meeting with unusual success and was most enthused about his family, his church, his business and life in general. He appointed sub-agents in various communities, some of whom became lifelong friends. The Reinhalts in Paulding are a good example. When Arch visited Mary and me in Florida the last time, he and Ann and Mary and I visited the three surviving daughters of the Reinhalt family in Fort Myers.

As with many small towns, Defiance had a very small hospital. Ann was born in the hospital, but I was born at home on South Jefferson Street. I remember my Mother telling your Mother that she was in labor in the morning when my Dad was getting the older children ready for school and her grave concern was that she couldn't make any noise for fear that it would upset the children. Shortly after I was born, my Dad was offered a promotion as District Manager of the Lima office and we moved there. My sister, Janet, was born in Lima in 1923. One of my earliest recollections was my Mother coming home from the hospital with Janet in a taxicab. We lived in a big old house on North Elizabeth Street. It was a busy home. The neighborhood was certainly middle class. We belonged to St. Gerard's parish which had only started a few years prior to our moving there. The families were predominantly Irish and German, many of whom were second generation Americans. Many families came to Lima because of the railroads, five of which had passenger service through Lima. Many of the people with whom I grew up had fathers who were firemen or engineers on the railroad. Some of those people followed their fathers' footsteps and have subsequently retired as firemen or engineers on the railroad.

We were into what I later learned was called the "Roaring Twenties". Prohibition was brought about by the amendment to the Constitution. Since legal alcoholic beverages were banned, there developed a great industry in the marketing of illegal beverages. It was an era of great sports heroes, the greatest I guess was Babe Ruth. I saw him when he visited Lima and played an exhibition game in the local Halloran Field. But there were other heroes, like Jack Dempsey, Lou Gehrig and every Irish lad's hero, Knute Rockne.

In 1926 we moved to a larger, fancier home on North Main Street. Radio was in its infancy, but our home was one of the first to have a full-blown King radio which had a separate "speaker". It also had wet cell batteries that operated it, which, of course, needed recharging periodically, so the cabinet also housed the battery charger, all in the corner of the living room. We also had a windup Victrola which played one record at a time, and I'm sure that those records would today be collector's items.

I started to school in September of 1927. Sister Mary Gertrude was the principal of the twelve grade parish school which had a total enrollment of about 250 students. I didn't have many days in school until it became very apparent that I had a severe vision problem. (Little wonder that I had such poor coordination and did not see things which other kids saw.) I was fitted with glasses that seemed to be forever slipping down my nose, or continually being broken, which was a source of distress because I usually got a pretty good "bawling out" for it. The lack of normal vision became what I considered a significant handicap. Not only did I do continually poor work in "reading" in school, but I was totally inept in baseball and basketball, our two "North End" sports, and whenever anyone wanted to totally devastate me, all that was necessary was for them to label me "four eyes".

Sometime around 1926 my brother, Bernie, became seriously ill with spinal meningitis. At that time, long before the development of antibiotics and long before the advancements in medical research, which we take so much for granted, meningitis was often fatal and even if the patient survived, often was left severely debilitated. While that was many years ago and I was very young, I still remember vividly what a role that prayer played in our family. Bernie was in a coma for many days. He was not in the hospital during those days, people went to the hospital to die. The doctors came every day. They had to do a spinal tap daily to relieve pressure on the brain. There was no such thing as medical insurance to cover the costs of medicine and doctors' bills. Somehow, my Dad came up with the money. After many days of much praying by our family, our neighbors, the sisters in school and my older brothers' and sisters' classmates, Bernie made what we thereafter considered a miraculous recovery with no resulting disabilities. That experience indelibly impressed on each member of our family the need for and value of prayer. Bernie regained consciousness on Thanksgiving Day. For many Thanksgiving Days in subsequent years, my folks and their offspring attended a special Mass of Thanksgiving at St. Gerard's.

My early school years were pretty uneventful. I was probably a "B" student. Our classrooms at St. Gerard's each housed two classes with one teacher and, typically, had forty or so students per room. The school was on the second floor of a building which housed the church on the first floor. We started the day with 8 o'clock Mass every morning. Each class sat together. Occasionally my sister Ann and I would go to "early Mass" at 7 o'clock. In the wintertime

this was pretty scary because it was still dark, so we would occasionally run down the middle of the street between the streetcar tracks.

In looking back, it now seems pretty apparent that around 1930 or so our family "structure" changed somewhat. My sister, Agnes, had graduated from high school in 1929 and was enrolled in what was then a two-year program for teacher training, at what was known as Bowling Green State College. I recall that there was much discussion regarding whether or not she was going to go to college, and if so, which one. Many people were surprised that A. B. McCormick would send his daughter to a public college rather than a Catholic institution.

My brother, Arch, had worked after school hours and in the summertime, at a neighborhood grocery store. He graduated from high school in 1930. The stock market had crashed in October, 1929, and by the time he graduated the new word in our vocabulary, "Depression", was familiar even to us nine-year olds. It was pretty apparent that Arch couldn't go to college for lack of funds. For whatever reason, he had quit his part-time job in the grocery store. He had been a good student, was very intelligent and energetic. I remember vividly his despondency through the better part of 1930 after he graduated and could find no employment. That experience stayed with him throughout all his life and became almost an obsession with each of us, that a "job" producing regular income was an honorable goal and that, once achieved, was worth whatever effort was necessary.

In 1931 and 1932, my Dad's income suffered as a result of the Depression, but he still had employment while many, if not most, of our neighbors were in dire circumstances. My brother, Bernie, graduated in 1932, and neither he nor any of his friends could find employment. Arch finally did get a job as a clerk in the A & P store earning \$15.00 per week, for which he worked literally sixty hours a week. There were no fringe benefits and there was no such thing as "overtime pay". The President of our country since 1928 had been Herbert Hoover, a Republican. He had been elected overwhelmingly against Alfred E. Smith, a Catholic Democrat. Our country was not ready or willing to accept a Catholic as President. While Herbert Hoover wasn't blamed for the Depression, he was blamed for not taking action to counter its effects. Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected in November of 1931 and sworn in on March 4, 1932. With the backing of Congress, he had an amazing "first 100 days" in getting social welfare legislation passed. Incidentally, the Supreme Court subsequently ruled many of the Roosevelt era programs unconstitutional.

I have discussed with many of my contemporaries in our senior years the conditions which were existent before we were teenagers. Many of us came from families who lost homes for failure to meet the mortgage payments. Milk was dispensed every other day at the local fire station and it was necessary to bring your own container, usually a glass gallon jug. Corner grocers extended credit to the neighborhood families without any hope of every being repaid in

order to make sure that people had something to eat. Full meals in a middle-class restaurant cost \$.25. Gasoline was \$.14 a gallon, but many people simply parked their cars or put them on cement blocks because they couldn't afford to buy a license. It was about this time that I first remember hearing the word "suicide". Factories shut down totally, many in bankruptcy, and many never reopened. During these conversations with my peers, we always agreed that it was not possible to convey to our children how difficult life was. A person had to live through it to really comprehend its impact.

I am certain that those difficult conditions had a marked, permanent effect on me for the rest of my life.

In 1932, my brother, Arch, won a sales contest while working for the A & P by selling the most sugar. For that, he got a week's vacation with pay. (His pay was still \$15.00 a week.) With that time and that money, he, my other two brothers, my Dad, one of Archie's buddies and me, spent a week touring Michigan. We spent the first night at my Grandfather's farm near St. Charles and after that, camped out travelling all the way to Mackinaw, then around the western side of Michigan, back to Ohio. All of this was on the total of \$15.00.

The conditions took their toll on my Father. In the spring of 1933 he resigned from Equitable. In hindsight, he volunteered to join the unemployed. I have often wondered what precipitated this drastic action. He always maintained that the pressure was so great that had he stayed in the business, he would not have survived physically. He may well have been right. I am inclined to believe that there were some other reasons contributing to the decision. He was very strong-willed. I think he had been the fair-haired boy in the district because of his ability to produce business. When the economy turned sour and business declined, I believe he started looking around for other potential answers. He had notions of going into the manufacturing business. He got into religious articles, manufacturing some and buying some for resale to religious stores. I seriously doubt if it produced any income, and probably cost some of his limited available money. He decided to buy an old house several miles outside of Lima that had some acreage where he felt he could at least grow food for feeding his family. And he did succeed in that. For a couple of years, we had good gardens and my Mother led all of us in the task of canning tomatoes, green beans, peaches, cherries, etc. We had a cow which produced sufficient milk for us to make butter once a week, and to provide a needy family with fresh milk several times a week. Naturally, the farm required work. Because of the condition of the house, which was 115 years old when we bought it, much work was needed on it. When we moved in, it had no indoor plumbing. The first winter convinced us all that we would work very hard to get indoor plumbing before the next winter. The house had no central heat, and my Dad managed to buy a used hot water boiler with old fashioned radiators which we installed in the house.

Much of this early work was done by my Dad and my brothers, Bern and Jim, who were older, more physically able and, while Jim was still in high school, and Bern had graduated and was unemployed. I was called upon to help, and learned much about electrical, plumbing, heating, plastering, painting, doing concrete work, hoeing in the garden, milking the cow, feeding the pigs, firing the furnace, removing the ashes, etc., etc. I learned one thing which stuck in my mind to this very day. I never want to live on a farm. I think another reason why my Dad decided to get out of the insurance business was what, subsequently, became known as "midlife crisis". It was very apparent even to those of us who were the younger members of the family that the stress was taking its toll. Becoming effectively unemployed created other stresses. My Dad, who had always been very opinionated, now became very negative. We younger members of the family didn't even bother to ask if we could participate in some routine post-school activities because we knew, typically, the answer would be a definite "No!" I am sure that these conditions during our formative years had a profound effect on our personalities.

Arch was fired from the A & P store in 1935. He had worked his way up to be a manager of one of the neighborhood stores. He never did really learn what precipitated his being fired, and at that time, employers didn't have to give any explanation. My sister, Agnes, was being courted by Tom Alban, who had attended Ohio State on a most meager income and he encouraged Arch to consider it. Arch enrolled, lived in the Stadium Club, a cooperative dormitory under the stadium, and managed to make it by having part-time jobs. He got a degree in accounting in 1941, having taken off a number of quarters in order to earn enough to continue his education. Obviously, he couldn't live in the Stadium Club while he was not a student. During one period of time, he lived in a basement of a boarding house near the university in a room which had been a coal bin. The owner had converted from coal heat to oil heat which opened up the space where the coal had been stored and, by cleaning it out, made room for one more economically deprived student. Bern and Jim got temporary work with the Buckeye Pipeline Company in 1935, which was a red letter day in our home. That temporary work for Bernard lasted until his retirement in 1980, with the exception of the six years he spent in military service during the Second World War. He was the classic case of the "job security" indoctrination. I think Jim would have stayed with them his whole working life had they been willing to assign him to a specific location permanently. Because of the fact that he became a stationary engineer while working on the Buckeye, he was frequently moved from one station to another which ultimately led to his leaving. While at the time of Jim's and Bern's obtaining employment with Buckeye that was supposed to be temporary, the fact that it did provide some income to the family was most significant. I think that it is important for you to know that dire economic conditions made it necessary for everyone to do whatever he could to support the family. So if a person had a job in our family, it was expected that a major portion of his earnings were given to my

Mother. It also meant that we were expected to severely limit spending any money on ourselves without very serious consideration as to the need. That was a significantly different condition than you people knew when you lived at home as a single adult and paid Mother "board." I point this out to emphasize that such conditions not only taught us to be thrifty, but it generated almost a perpetual guilt complex when it came to spending money on something that was not absolutely necessary. We were not only poor, we were desperately poor and even those of us who were theoretically too young to be involved, overheard the conversations and the arguments resulting from that poverty, conditions which certainly had a significant influence in the formation of our personalities. In my particular instance, I went through high school from 1935 to 1939 with two older brothers who were the main breadwinners in the family, and who seemed to think that fact gave them certain rights regarding my upbringing. As a result, there was virtually a perpetual atmosphere of criticism and resentment, when all I ever really wanted was their approval. This may explain to you why I was so vehement in not allowing one of you older members to harass or badger your younger siblings. You may remember my very sternly telling you "You will love one another." I think it worked. I think you all grew up with a genuine concern for one another.

I would be extremely remiss if I didn't tell you about my Mother and her role during these very trying times. In hindsight I am inclined to believe that she was not only a saint, she was a genius. In the first couple of years living on the farm, we had no gas service in the house, so her cooking had to be done on what was known as a cook stove. This was fired with coal and had on the top what today would be the equivalent of four burners and had an oven, the heat of which you provided by the intensity and duration of the coal which was burning in a compartment to the side of the oven. My Mother baked bread every week, starting from scratch. She usually also made a couple of pans of cinnamon rolls for breakfast. During the season when apples, cherries and peaches were available, either from our trees or from a neighbors, she would bake a couple of pies every other day or so. Keep in mind that such baking required the stove to be heated for long periods of time. That was OK in the winter, but in the summer the kitchen became beastly hot. In the winter she did the washing in the kitchen and hung the clothes outside on clothes lines. I often helped take the clothes in off the clothes line, and they were frozen stiff. In the summer she did the washing on the back porch, but it was necessary to heat the water for the washing machine on the stove and carry it to the back porch. For a number of years she made her own laundry soap by saving kitchen grease for several months, then adding the right amount of lye, heating and stirring it, pouring it into trays, letting it cool and cutting it into bars. In the summer she also did the canning of garden produce, such as beans and tomatoes, and made her famous chili sauce every year. Apples from our trees were canned as applesauce. The cherries we picked from our own trees had to

be pitted so they too could be canned. She usually made a sizeable batch of strawberry preserves. Since I helped consume a considerable amount of those strawberry preserves on her home-baked bread, I became quite a connoisseur of strawberry preserves, and I am convinced to this day that she made the finest strawberry preserves ever prepared. And it was all done on a cook stove with coal heat in the middle of the summer. Her electric iron broke and we couldn't afford a new one so she went back to the old "flat irons" to do the girls' dresses and our shirts. A flat iron consisted of the heavy metal bottom of the iron with a detachable handle. As I recall, there were three separate irons and one handle. Two would be heating on top of the cook stove while you used the third to do the ironing until it cooled, then switched to one of the other two. Her evenings were often spent in darning socks or mending clothing. If we had a cow, which we did at several different times, she took care of the milk, saved the cream and churned it into butter. As stress took a greater toll on my Father, she was constantly attempting to be the conciliator. She was the one, the only one, we younger children could go to with our troubles. She always offered a few quiet words of encouragement. But she was no cream puff. One time when I had done something wrong and needed punishment she meant to slap me in the face. I instinctively ducked and my glasses flew all the way across the room. That was a matter of severe distress because broken glasses cost money. Fortunately, they were simply badly bent, not broken. The next time I needed punishment and she took a swipe at me and I ducked, I got a double dose because she was of the opinion that I was intentionally ducking so she would hit me in the glasses. I can honestly say that thought had never entered my mind. I was not smart enough to think through something like that. On winter nights, when Dad was "in a good mood", he, my Mother and I very often played three-handed pinochle or cribbage. In spite of the stressful times, those were happy experiences.

The economy began to show signs of improvement in the late thirties. I graduated from high school in June of 1939. I was able to get a new suit because we sold the horse and used most of the proceeds for that purpose. Since I was 17 years old, I couldn't get a full time job. I started working weekends at the only remaining A & P store in Lima, which was one of its first supermarkets. I was hired by a manager who had been hired by Arch in the early thirties. I was paid \$.27-1/3 per hour. I went to work at 6:30 a.m. on Saturday morning, had a half hour off for lunch and for supper, and worked usually until 2 or 2:30 a.m. Sunday morning. We were required to check out at midnight, then go back and finish our work. Of course, we were only paid for the hours which were shown on the timecard, a practice which would be against federal wage and hour laws today.

After I became 18, I was able to get a job full-time in another grocery store and, subsequently, got a better paying job in a factory. The factory was in the business of applying porcelain enamel to components of kitchen ranges,

building panels, advertising signs, etc. It was usually repetitive work which I found extremely boring.

As it became more and more apparent in 1940 and 1941 that we were being drawn into the Second World War, many manufacturers were either forced to shut down or switch to what was called "war production". For that reason, I was laid off at the enamel plant and immediately got a job at the Lima Locomotive Works, which had a contract to build steam locomotives for Russia. It was interesting, but extremely hard physical labor for which I was physically unfit. Those three years of factory work taught me great respect for people who must earn their living this way. The repetitiveness, the noise, the safety hazards, and the sheer boredom, convinced me that I had to find some other way to earn a living.

I had no specialized training, had very poor muscular coordination, was very insecure and had very low self-esteem. As with all of my contemporaries, the country's entry into the Second World War brought drastic changes in our lives.

CHAPTER IV

MY LIFE IN THE FORTIES

Our country's first peace time military draft was started in 1940. It affected essentially single men, over 21 years of age, who had no dependents. My brother, Bernie, was drafted in February of 1941, supposedly for one year's service in the Army. With our entry into the war with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the draft was speeded up, older and younger men were drafted, and all draftees were to serve for the duration. Bern was in the service until the spring of 1946.

In the summer of '42, many of my buddies enlisted in the Navy and the Air Force. On Uncle Pete's advice, I attempted to enlist in the Navy. Pete informed me that chances of having better food and better living conditions were much better in the Navy than any of the other branches. The Navy recruiter turned me down for inadequate vision. I was drafted in September of '42. I was inducted in Camp Perry on Lake Erie near Port Clinton. I was assigned to what was then known as the Air Corps and took basic training in Atlantic City. The military took over all the resort hotels in Atlantic City, Miami Beach, etc., because they provided instant housing for thousands of troops. After a month, I was sent, along with a whole trainload of recruits, across half the country to Sioux Falls, South Dakota. We were trained in radio operating and mechanics. The school operated around the clock so that some classes attended class from midnight to 8:00 a.m. Fortunately, we were put in a class on the day schedule. We went to school six days a week and had Sundays off. Each class attended school for twenty weeks.

We lived in very basic housing - plywood frame buildings covered on the outside with tar paper. As luck would have it, that area of the country suffered one of its most severe winters on record. The temperature reached 20° below zero often, and for several weeks never got above 0°. The people in Sioux Falls were most hospitable and generous. We seldom had a Sunday when we were not invited to someone's home for dinner. While there, many of us spent our first Christmas away from home. It was most memorable. Some people had musical instruments, mostly guitars. We did an awful lot of singing, usually the traditional Christmas carols, but also the latest Bing Crosby hit, *I'll Be Home for Christmas*. Many of us walked in the bitter cold to Midnight Mass, held in the theater. It was a memorable experience. The unrehearsed singing was beautiful.

In spite of the dire living conditions, horrible food, apprehension about the progress of the war and being a long way from home, we learned that we could tolerate these conditions and I found the experience very educational. We were housed alphabetically, so half the people in my barracks had names which began

with "Mc." Many of them were from New England, many had some college training, and a few were college graduates. This was my first exposure to people from various parts of the country. It was the first of many wartime experiences that we all realized we couldn't do much about our conditions, so we had better all work to make the best of them.

Our class graduated in February and most people were sent to aircraft gunnery schools, and later became radio operator/gunners on Air Corps bombers. When I was drafted, I never met the minimum requirements for induction because of inadequate vision. This resulted in my being classified as "limited service", which meant that I and all of the other people who wore thick glasses would become instructors. The Monday after we graduated, we started Instructor's School. I attended Instructor's School in Sioux Fall, Scot Field, Illinois and Truax Field, Wisconsin. Each base had more instructors than they needed so we were shipped from one base to the next. At times, I did teach, but most of the time when not in school, I worked in equipment maintenance.

In the spring of 1944 while attending Instructor's School at Truax Field, I learned from a buddy that he had been interviewed for an assignment outside the Air Corps which was very secretive. I was immediately interested because I saw it as a way of getting out of continuously attending Instructor's School. I asked permission of our Commanding Officer to be interviewed. He strongly discouraged it, indicating that he knew what the assignment would be, but if I insisted (which I did), he gave his approval. I was interviewed and accepted, knowing only that the work would be top secret and that we would go overseas in a short time. On Sunday, June 25th, about twenty-five of us were boarded on a special car attached to a passenger train in Chicago bound for Washington, D.C. I will never forget the ride on the back of any Army truck from Union Station in Washington to O.S.S. Headquarters where I saw for the first time the Capital Building, the Washington Monument, The White House, etc. We were processed and late that day sent to our training camp, which was in a secluded and well-fortified camp near Quantico, Virginia. Our new Commanding Officer was a Marine Colonel. We were advised that we would be under severe restrictions until each of us passed security clearance which would take about a month. In the meantime, our days would start at 6:00 a.m. with very rigorous physical training. We spent four hours a day in radio operation classes we had small arms training, both on the firing range as well as in the classroom. We had hand-to-hand combat training, abandon ship training, and all the other training necessary to become O.S.S. radio team members. By the time we all passed our security clearance, we were in great physical condition with much confidence. We were given 10-day furloughs in August prior to shipping overseas. On our return, we were issued combat clothing and other combat gear, including 45 caliber Colt automatics with one clip of shells.

We were shipped to our port of embarkation, Fort Hamilton in Brooklyn, New York. By sheer luck, my best buddy, John Riddell, had been raised in that area and his folks still lived on Fort Hamilton Parkway. While in the port of embarkation, until we were placed on alert for shipping out, we had every other evening out. John invited me to have dinner at his folk's house on two consecutive nights out. On the second night, when we were returning to camp, his father took him aside for some quiet conversation. When we got back to camp John told me we were leaving the next night. His father worked for the Port of New York and knew that ships would be loading to form a convoy. We would likely be on one of those ships. His speculation proved accurate. The next night at about midnight, we loaded on a troop ship from Staten Island and the next day we were out at sea, heading for Europe. It was a very memorable experience to watch the ships get into formation, and the entire formation was surrounded by all sorts of Navy vessels designed to provide protection from German submarines. The convoy moved at the speed of the slowest ship, so it took two weeks to cross the Atlantic. We slept on racks which were pipe frames, stacked four high. We were in the hold of the ship where ventilation was non-existent. We were not permitted on deck anytime from one hour after sundown to one hour before sunrise. We were given two meals a day and ate standing up. When we were in sight of Ireland, the convoy split up and our ship was one of several which headed for Scotland. We spent one day sailing up the Firth of Clyde. We docked in Glasgow. Since we were such a top secret unit, we were "buried" in the ranks of an Army infantry division. Shortly after docking, we were called to disembark, put on a train heading south for England sometime the next morning, the train stopped and our group was ordered off the train. We were in the middle of England alongside a huge air base. The next day a number of us were called out and interviewed by two officers. That evening some of those who had been interviewed were called into a conference room and advised that we were forming a radio team which would be attached to the Ninth Army which, within a few days, would be going into action on the Continent. The next day we were trucked to O.S.S. Headquarters in London where our gear was checked and we were issued additional clothing and gear. We were then trucked to an O.S.S. house in the town of Maidenhead. The next morning we met our Commanding Officer, a Captain and the two Lieutenants who would be with us. We also met the other members of our team, each of whom had paratroop training and had been trained to jump behind enemy lines as O.S.S. agents. They treated us "limited service" Corporals with considerable contempt and, I guess, they were justified.

It was now about the first week of September. D-Day, when Allied armies landed on the northern shores of France, had been June 6. Within a couple of days we were on a liberty ship sailing out of South Hampton for Omaha Beach in the Province of Normandy, France. We were probably as fouled up a group as any which had ever gone into war. We sat off the coast of Omaha Beach for five

after we arrived in Paris I was ordered to report to a general hospital for an eye exam. Because of O.S.S. security, I was permitted to give my name, rank and serial number, nothing more. After a doctor gave me an eye exam, he started asking me questions about how long I had been in Europe, where had I been and to what unit was I attached. When I couldn't answer him, he told me he would not sign the eye exam, that he didn't believe I was a member of the U.S. Armed Forces, and if he was to be involved any further, I would have to come back with a representative of my Commanding Officer. When I returned to the O.S.S. base and reported what had happened, the officer in charge stated simply that we would not see that doctor any more.

We were told that it would be several days before we would get our new assignments and in the meantime, so long as we had no duties at the base, we were free to explore Paris. Paris had been liberated in the latter part of August and it was still in a state of constant celebration. It was the chance of a lifetime to be there at that time and to have the opportunity to see all the sights that are so famous: the Eiffel Tower, Napoleon's Tomb, the Arch de Triumphant, the Louvre and Mass at the Cathedral of Notre Dame. On November 10th, all of us who had been ordered back from Aachen, plus a number of other unassigned GI's, were advised that on the next day we would be flown back to England for re-assignment from O.S.S. Headquarters. We were taken to Olly Field where we were, advised that there would be a delay pending the landing of Winston Churchill's plane. Churchill was coming to Paris to join General DE Gaulle in the Grand March down the Champs Elysees that day, November 11th. It was symbolic because that was the Anniversary day of the ending of the First World War. Our flight was delayed so long that we were not permitted to take off until the next day. We flew to England in a DC3, known to the military as a C47. To our surprise, we landed at the same air base in central England where three months previously we had been selected for action on the Continent. When we ran into some of our old Air Corps buddies, they were green with envy since, from the time they arrived until that very day, they had done no radio work and had been putting in 12-hour days of physical labor loading canisters. Every night, weather permitting, small planes would take off from this particular base to drop supplies to the O.S.S. agents who were organizing opposition behind the German lines in France, Belgium and Holland. These supplies might be food, uniforms, ammunition, money, medicine and almost anything else agents needed. They were packed in canisters. That's what our buddies had been doing, and to the best of my knowledge, continued doing as long as there was any fighting.

My orders were the same as they had been in Paris to get to a general hospital for an eye examination. I went through essentially the same routine as I had in Paris and, again, was sent back to the O.S.S. base with instructions to return with a representative of my Commanding Officer. Within a couple of days, we were advised to check with the supply room to make sure we had enough

clothing and gear for a 7-day boat ride. It wasn't until we received our orders a couple of days later that we learned that we were being shipped back to Washington for re-assignment. We took a train back north to Scotland, and the next morning boarded a launch to take us back into the bay where we boarded a hospital ship, The New Amsterdam. We sailed on November 23rd. The reason I remember the date is that we celebrated Thanksgiving Day our first day out. We also celebrated Thanksgiving Day one week later on November 30th, the day we landed in New York City. Sometime in the early 40's, President Roosevelt had been pressured by merchants to move Thanksgiving Day from the last Thursday of November to one week earlier. We sailed on a Dutch ship. The crew respected the fact that their ship was carrying American troops so they commemorated the day on the 23rd. However, the Dutch continued to commemorate Thanksgiving Day on the last Thursday, which was the 30th of November.

The New Amsterdam was virtually full of wounded people who were not ambulatory. We traveled without escort since the ship was powerful enough to outrun German submarines and their torpedoes. For the first and only time we were not "buried" in a larger military unit. Our travel orders carried the name of a fictitious military unit as our cover. Those of us who were not officers and who were ambulatory were supposed to pull KP and other duties on board the ship. When we left the base in England we picked up a couple of Staff Sergeants who were returning after having completed their missions of jumping behind enemy lines for a specific purpose. Since they were ranking noncoms, and they were pretty carefree, they advised the rest of us that if we wanted to pull duties it was up to us, but they were going to ignore calls which came over the P.A. system looking for us. We were finally located by the Duty Officer the night we docked in New York. He gave us a good chewing and let us know in no uncertain terms that we would be the last to disembark. But in typical O.S.S. fashion, within minutes after the gangplank was lowered, we were called to the main deck for disembarking. We were loaded on a school bus and raced through Central Manhattan with a police escort to Penn Station. The first train to Washington was being held for our arrival. A couple of hours later we pulled into Union Station in Washington. We were loaded onto a truck and taken back to the same camp near Quantico where the previous July and August we had trained.

Everything had moved so fast that we had to constantly remind ourselves that we were really back on American soil. Our records were still somewhere in Europe, and we didn't know what the future held for us, but I will never forget the overwhelming feeling of joy to be back home, even though we had only been gone about four months. The day after we arrived, we were all given a 24-hour pass and headed for Washington. We were still dressed in combat uniforms and Washington MP's were sticklers for proper attire. To cover this, our Commanding Officer had special passes prepared, explaining our plight.

Within minutes after arriving in Washington, I placed a collect call home to inform my folks what had happened. My sister, Janet, answered the phone and refused to accept the charges, being convinced I was still overseas. By shouting into the telephone, I convinced her it was me and she accepted the charges. After exchanging joyous greetings with my folks and sisters, I asked my Dad if he could wire me some money. I had not been paid for several months and was flat broke. Within an hour, I received the money at the nearby Western Union Office and enjoyed the best steak dinner I ever had.

O.S.S. had a policy that required each returnee from combat areas to be interviewed by a board of senior officers. Our critique was held within a few days. We were interviewed individually by three officers from O.S.S. Headquarters in Washington, our Commanding Officer and the base medical doctor, a Marine Colonel. Aside from the routine questions about where we had been and what we had done, they were very interested in my experience at the general hospitals in Paris and England. After a number of questions, the senior officer told our base doctor to start processing me for an honorable discharge.

Shortly thereafter, we were given thirty-day furloughs, which was the practice when anyone returned from overseas, even though they had only been overseas a short time. My stay at home was wonderful, in spite of the fact that I came to realize that the home folks had to endure many hardships and inconveniences. Meat, sugar, butter, gasoline and many other items were rationed. My brother, Jim, had married Rita Brennan, a high school classmate of mine, in 1942. Within a year he had been drafted and, at the time of my furlough, was in an infantry division somewhere in Southern France. Bernie had gone through OCS and, at that time was a second lieutenant "somewhere in the South Pacific". Arch had moved back to Lima and lived at home. My sister, Agnes, had been married in 1937 to Tom Alban, a schoolteacher. When the war came, he took a job at the Tank Depot in Lima. At that time they had four children. Ann and Janet both worked in the office of the Westinghouse Company and lived at home. My Dad had a job in an office of a company involved in war production. I got caught up on the news of who had been wounded and who had been killed in the war. It came as somewhat of a surprise that the war was much more difficult for the homefolks than for many of us in service.

My furlough extended through the Christmas and New Year's holidays. On New Year's Eve, I had an experience which changed my life dramatically. My furlough was about to come to an end. I had been wine and dined as "an overseas veteran", but I came to realize that the war occupied the minds of virtually everyone back home during all their waking hours. I would hear my Mother and Father praying the rosary at night in the adjoining bedroom. I could see in their eyes the worry and concern the war was causing these experiences made me realize that I had become very negligent about spiritual

obligations. Combat conditions do not afford much opportunity for spiritual growth. While I had not been in combat zones very long, I began to realize how fortunate I was to have returned safely. On New Year's Eve, after having attended a dance, I knelt down beside my bed and had a talk with the Lord. I thanked him for the many blessings I had received, not the least of which was my returning home safely. I promised to improve and, in order to remind me daily of what God had done for me, I promised to say the sorrowful mysteries of the rosary every day. From that day forward, my life changed. I can't enumerate the many, many blessings I have received, things I never even asked for in prayer, and which I certainly didn't deserve. As an example, a little later I will explain how I came by attending Notre Dame. It was real fluke. Had I not attended Notre Dame (which was in itself a great blessing) I would not have met Mary, your Mother, the greatest blessing of my life (and wouldn't you know, her name would be Mary). And had we not met, you would have not been born and I would not have known the great blessing each of you represented in my life.

I don't mean to imply that thereafter my life became a bed of roses and that I avoided mistakes and failures. At the time, I didn't even see it was a turning point. It is only in hindsight that I came to realize the significance of a pledge, made January 1, 1945, to pray a daily rosary.

After my 30-day furlough, I returned to my OSS base near the U.S. Marine Quantico Base the 15 or 20 people who had returned from Europe with me were immediately started in an orientation program which would prepare them for operating in what was known as "The CBI" Theater. This covered most of China and Burma. The conditions in that part of the war were significantly different from what they had seen in the European theater. I was assigned to their training program with the full expectation that when my records caught up to me, my honorable discharge would be forthcoming. A part of our training consisted of qualifying with the various weapons needed in the China-Burma Theater. Being a good soldier, I did the best I could on the rifle range. As time went by, it became obvious that we were finishing our training and would soon be shipping out to the West Coast. I began to wonder what happened to my honorable discharge. It happened that there was another critique of some returning OSS people. I requested and received the opportunity to meet with the officer staff, which had interviewed each of our people. The Colonel in charge was surprised that I had not been processed for the discharge. The base medical doctor explained that, according to his record, I was not entitled to an early discharge since I had qualified as an expert with the M-1 rifle. The Colonel in charge again directed the medical officer to prepare me for an honorable discharge from Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, where I was sent within the next few days. On March 31, 1945, I received an honorable discharge and returned home to Lima.

The war was still on, but was winding down in Europe. Jobs were plentiful and I went back to a plant where I had worked some years previously. I was considering the possibility of enrolling in college, I made an appointment with the registrar at Dayton University.

A friend of mine who graduated in our class had been wounded in Guadalcanal and was likewise given a medical discharge. We got together occasionally and he suggested that we hitchhike to Notre Dame to see what would be our chances of enrollment. We had been out of high school 6 years by that time. I agreed to take a day off with my buddy, simply to see Notre Dame, without any expectation of qualifying for admission. We walked around the campus and got something to eat and persuaded a haul rector to let us stay overnight, since it was too late for us to get an interview with the registrar. We went to that office the first thing the next morning and were greeted by a Holy Cross priest, Father Lane, who was most hospitable. My buddy had his grade transcript with him and Father Lane studied it and asked a couple of questions, regarding his qualification as a wounded veteran. The whole process took probably a half hour, and Father Lane signed him up as a freshman. When he was finished, he looked at me and asked what I intended to do? I told him that I had a tentative appointment with the University of Dayton. He asked why I would attend there and I told him primarily because I figured it was cheaper. He asked me how much money I had and I told him pointedly that I had a total of about \$100.00. He asked if I had the GI Bill, which I did. This provided room, board and tuition and a monthly stipend of \$90.00. Father Lane told me that I would be eligible at Notre Dame provided my high school grades would be acceptable. I assured him that that could be handled. He slid a piece of paper across the table and told me to sign it. This was my admission to Notre Dame. It turned out to be one of the greatest experiences of my life. Germany surrendered on May 8th my records were sent to Notre Dame from St. Gerard's and everything passed muster. We had been advised that classes would start on the 4th of July, and it was essential that we were there in adequate time. The vast majority of the student body consisted Navy officer trainees. While we attended class with them, they also had their own Navy training program which occupied much of the time of these trainees. With the dropping of the atom bomb in the Japan, Japan surrendered and our four years of war ended. If you or your offspring have grown up with the mentality condemning the use of the atom bombs, I would hope that you would keep in mind that the invasion by land of our American troops would probably have cost the death of a half million of our troops, in addition to literally thousands of the wounded.

Notre Dame was operating on an accelerated program, which meant that we finished the first half of the freshmen year in early October. The veterans returned in masse, necessitating crowded living conditions in the various residence halls. It was a great time to be at Notre Dame because

there was an atmosphere of joyfulness over the safe return, dampened with the realization that many had been killed in action.

Relationship Chart



(On the top row find the relationship of one person to the common ancestor, and follow that column down. Next find the relationship of the second person to the common ancestor, and follow that row across. The relationship of the two people is where the column and row intersect.)

Courtesy British Isles Family History Society of Greater Ottawa

Common Ancestor	Child	Grandchild	Great Grandchild	2 nd Great Grandchild	3 rd Great Grandchild	4 th Great Grandchild	5 th Great Grandchild	6 th Great Grandchild	7 th Great Grandchild
Child	Sibling	Niece/Nephew	Grandniece / Grandnephew	Great Grandniece / Grandnephew	2 nd Great Grandniece / Grandnephew	3 rd Great Grandniece / Grandnephew	4 th Great Grandniece / Grandnephew	5 th Great Grandniece / Grandnephew	6 th Great Grandniece / Grandnephew
Grandchild	Niece/Nephew	First Cousin	First Cousin, 1r	First Cousin, 2r	First Cousin, 3r	First Cousin, 4r	First Cousin, 5r	First Cousin, 6r	First Cousin, 7r
Great Grandchild	Grandniece / Grandnephew	First Cousin, 1r	Second Cousin	Second Cousin, 1r	Second Cousin, 2r	Second Cousin, 3r	Second Cousin, 4r	Second Cousin, 5r	Second Cousin, 6r
2 nd Great Grandchild	Great Grandniece / Grandnephew	First Cousin, 2r	Second Cousin, 1r	Third Cousin	Third Cousin, 1r	Third Cousin, 2r	Third Cousin, 3r	Third Cousin, 4r	Third Cousin, 5r
3 rd Great Grandchild	2 nd Great Grandniece / Grandnephew	First Cousin, 3r	Second Cousin, 2r	Third Cousin, 1r	Fourth Cousin	Fourth Cousin, 1r	Fourth Cousin, 2r	Fourth Cousin, 3r	Fourth Cousin, 4r
4 th Great Grandchild	3 rd Great Grandniece / Grandnephew	First Cousin, 4r	Second Cousin, 3r	Third Cousin, 2r	Fourth Cousin, 1r	Fifth Cousin	Fifth Cousin, 1r	Fifth Cousin, 2r	Fifth Cousin, 3r
5 th Great Grandchild	4 th Great Grandniece / Grandnephew	First Cousin, 5r	Second Cousin, 4r	Third Cousin, 3r	Fourth Cousin, 2r	Fifth Cousin, 1r	Sixth Cousin	Sixth Cousin, 1r	Sixth Cousin, 2r
6 th Great Grandchild	5 th Great Grandniece / Grandnephew	First Cousin, 6r	Second Cousin, 5r	Third Cousin, 4r	Fourth Cousin, 3r	Fifth Cousin, 2r	Sixth Cousin, 1r	Seventh Cousin	Seventh Cousin, 1r
7 th Great Grandchild	6 th Great Grandniece / Grandnephew	First Cousin, 7r	Second Cousin, 6r	Third Cousin, 5r	Fourth Cousin, 4r	Fifth Cousin, 3r	Sixth Cousin, 2r	Seventh Cousin, 1r	Eighth Cousin

Abbreviations Used: 1r = once removed, 2r = twice removed, etc.

14 July 2003, rev. 1.0